The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

IV

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PROCEEDINGS

JANUARY 26 — OCTOBER 26, 1909

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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FOURTEENTH MEETING

THE FOURTEENTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-sixth day of January, nineteen hundred and nine, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

In the absence of the President and of the Vice-Presidents, HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY, ESQUIRE, was elected Chairman pro tempore.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The second Vice-President, ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS, then being present, took the chair.

Upon the subject for the meeting — Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse — WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE read the following paper:

DR. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE AND HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To follow up all the details of Dr. Waterhouse's connection with the College would take us far afield, and would acquaint us with a series of more or less acrimonious discussions which have left their traces in the records and the papers of the Corporation, but are not worth reviving at the present day; yet the main facts of his service

here are both interesting and important, for he was closely associated with much that now occupies a large place in the intellectual life of the University.

In 1783, he and two other physicians became the incumbents of the three newly established medical professorships — the first formal provision for public instruction in medicine in Massachusetts. Dr. John Warren, the first to be appointed, was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery; Dr. Waterhouse's appointment as Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic followed in the course of a month; and that of Dr. Aaron Dexter as Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica came shortly after. The first two were publicly inducted into their offices October 7, 1783.[1] Dr. Waterhouse, at this time, had just returned from his European studies, having graduated from the University of Leyden in 1780. "Without doubt he was the young man of learning then available for the place, just the man to quicken students with a love for science and a desire for general knowledge."[2] Though the proper subject of his professorship was the theory and practice of physic, he began, in 1788, the year after he removed to Cambridge, to give annual courses of lectures in the College on natural history in general and on mineralogy and botany in particular. These lectures, delivered first (1786 and 1787) in Brown University (or Rhode Island College, as it was then called) and afterwards for over twenty years in Cambridge, appear to have been the first ever given in America on these subjects, and so mark the beginning of the study here of natural science, a study which has since developed into such a highly organized and extensive province of university instruction. His correspondence with scientists abroad led to the acquisition of minerals and the formation of a mineral cabinet, from which has grown one of the great departments of the University Museum. During the greater part of his term of office, Dr. Waterhouse was keeper of the mineral cabinet, and as such received the modest sum of $40 a year. The nature of his duties as keeper of the cabinet is characteristically described in a letter from him to President Willard, dated March 8, 1801:[3]

[1] Dr. Waterhouse's Oratio Inauguralis was printed many years afterward, in 1829.

[2] The Harvard Medical School, 1782–1906, p. 117.

[3] Harvard College Papers, vol. iv. no. 83.

REVEREND SIR

Agreeably to your intimation, "that the Corporation wished for some general information respecting the time consumed, and attention exercised in fulfilling their directions as expressed in their vote dated May 20th 1795 and a subsequent one dated suggestion I take this method to acquaint them, that in consequence of a very general circulation of the printed letter which accompanies this, a pretty numerous & pretty constant application to view the cabinet ensued. By pretty constant I mean seldom a week without some visitants. These are people who are engaged in the study of minerals, or in some interested mineralogical pursuits, and who come to take a close & critical view of the specimens; and in this they differ from the ordinary visitants to the Library & Museum. They never stay less than 3, or 4 hours; very often all day, and in some instances *three*, and my house is most commonly their quarters. I have attended six visitants within these ten days. The person principally concerned in the *Jodin-hill* mine used to call on me at least twice a week for two or three months often to view the specimens, but oftener to converse on the subject of mineralogy. When some of these visitants appeared embarrassed by the trouble they gave me, I have told them that the Governors of the University allowed me a compensation for it.

Agreeably to the wish of the Corporation I have kept up my correspondence abroad and extended it at home on the subject of minerals. Whenever I have found in the course of my mineralogical studies, a deficiency in the collection, I have immediately written to some of my correspondents in England for them, and when received have placed them in the Cabinet without saying a word to any one. This was the case with a collection of Salts from a friend at Chester, and of a box of minerals & petrefactions from Birmingham. It was two or three years before I could obtain a specimen of *Platina*. I have now sent for specimens of english *Marles*, when they arrive, I shall place them in the Cabinet without saying a word to any one, because it is too much like my own donation to wish for either notice or thanks. Thus, I have, do, and shall continue to contribute to the encrease of the collection.

Since I received an annual grant, I have never presented, nor mean to present any charge for any freight, custom-house fees or the like, altho' a week has not elapsed since I paid about three dollars for a book sent from England for the Library which had remained from the month of October in the Supervisor's office at New-York, as well as a trifling sum for the porterage of a box containing an artificial curiosity for the Museum. Ought I, or ought I not to add that the superb volume containing specimens of the recently discovered *Stamps*, was sent by Dr

Lettsom in consequence of my writing expressly to him to send a copy of that eligant work for our University-library? He having sent me a similar copy the year before. May I add, that I wrote three or four years ago to the same gentleman for a *prepared* Quadruped and a Bird, by way of *sample*, and he sent me eighteen. I then, wrote to him, that they were injured in the passage for want of being properly packed when he sent me twice that number finely preserved. Whether they were sent to me personally, or to the University was equivocal. I therefore construed it the safest way and presented them as from him. Now every gentleman must suppose that I could not be the receiver, much less the solicitor of these valuable articles without exerting myself to make some return in the products of this country. I have never done so much as I could wish, but have done as much as I could, being convinced that in this, as well as in all other cases, "he that will reap, must sow."

I never have, nor ever shall keep an account of such expences. Indeed, my habits of life, & literary pursuits are adverse to anything like merchantile calculations. I can only say with precision, that for what I sent to an individual correspondent the last year I paid nearer 50, than 40 dollars. This I will venture to specify to some one of the corporation as a private gentleman, but delicacy would forbid me to do it to him, or them, in their official station, more especially when a proportion of the books are sent to me personally; and the corporation may be assured, that I mention these things with no small reluctance, and that I apprehend they come within, or rather among the objects of their inquiry. I give the information which I think is needed, but ask for nothing.

Were I a *Professor* of Nat^l History, and had of course a salary, these articles committed to my charge as well as the exhibition & explanation of them to strangers would be, like that of the Professor of Exp^l Philosophy, part of my duty. But the case is far otherwise with me. *I have created this branch of instruction, and carried it on for more than twelve years at my own expence* without attaching any charge to the University, and it is only within one year or two that the lectures have been profitable; for more than 8 years, they yielded not so much as the annual income of a college-sweeper, and nothing but the constant encouragement of that most excellent friend to the College the late *Dr. Wigglesworth*, and his prophetic assurances, that by perseverance, these lectures on Nat^l History would one day grow into a permanent establishment, have preserved them to this period of existence.

If from this general view of facts and circumstances the corporation

should think it just, or generous to continue the annual grant for taking charge of the cabinet, corresponding, &c &c, I think I may assure them that it will be, as it always has been, quite, or nearly absorbed in the expences of a correspondence, which they have encouraged and I hesitate not to assure them, that if from any accident, sickness or unusual occurrence my expences or attention, should be little or nothing, they will be informed of it, but I wish hereafter to be excused from giving in, from year to year any thing like an estimate, because it is somehow or other, very repugnant to the current of my feelings, and what I do with extreme reluctance.

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

Revd President Willard.

For many years, he gave his natural history lectures in the Philosophy Chamber, as the room in Harvard Hall adjoining the Library was called. In this room was kept the philosophical apparatus, and here the Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Samuel Webber, afterward President, gave his lectures. The latter not unnaturally objected to the presence of the mineral cabinet, the stuffed birds, and the other impedimenta of the lecturer on natural history. But Dr. Waterhouse strenuously objected to being moved, and was never willing to occupy one of the rooms in Holden Chapel which had been devoted to the use of the Medical Professors.

On May 19, 1800, he writes to the President as follows:[1]

REV^D SIR

Last autumn I received a line from you expressing the opinion of the Corporation respecting my continuing to lecture in the philosophy chamber, which induces me to address you on that subject.

I gave my lectures in that room for a series of years on the invitation of Mr Smith, the then Librarian, and did not *at that time* know that it was necessary to ask leave of higher authority. During the seven years I gave my lectures there, no complaint had ever been made of soiling, deranging, or any way defacing the room; on the contrary the room has acquired an additional beauty in consequence of those lectures, for neither Birds, nor minerals would have been there had these lectures on Natural History never been given.

My application is for permission to continue my lectures in that room, and my reasons for it, are I presume strong enough to obtain it. In

[1] Harvard College Papers, vol. iv. no. 59.

the course of my lecturing it is necessary to have displayed a great number of minerals, and many of the specimens are so delicate & fragile that they cannot be removed up & down stairs without risking their destruction. Besides these minerals, delicate drawings, & costly books as well as valuable productions of nature must be exhibited in a room where the lecturer can *instantly turn the key* and *lock them up*, should he be called suddenly out in the course of his practice. On no occasion do I ever leave the students in the room. For my rule has ever been to go in first & come out last. I have been so carefull to keep the carpet neat & clean, that I always turn it up round the seats, & never give a lecture in rainy weather. The bordering of the paper, that has been picked off in some places was certainly never done by any of my audience. Their quiet, orderly & very proper behaviour are known & talked of — and if it be found that my pupils never did injure the room the presumption is they never will, unless I should break my rule of leaving them in it without me.

As I confess I felt a little hurt in being turned out of that room without a hearing, I cannot avoid wishing to inform the corporation that during the 18 years that I have been a Professor of the Theory & Practice of physic in this University, I never have been accomodated with a lecturing-room, but have been obliged repeatedly to quit my chair & dismiss my pupils in the middle of a lecture to give place to the stated teachers. I gave one whole course in a Tutor's room. In one, or two instances, I have been compelled to the derogatory step of giving my *medical lectures* in the room of an undergraduate; and for these three years past, I have been forced to give my *medical lectures* at my own house, altho' very inconvenient on account of the smallness of our rooms & the largeness of my family.

I will, however, cheerfully submit to this inconvenience, great as it is, provided the corporation will give me their permission to make use of the philosophy chamber, during *eighteen hours* in *twelve months*, pledging myself at the same time that every thing shall be preserved free from dirt, destruction or defacement. It has been suggested that I could give my lectures on N. History in the chapel, or dining hall, *both are absolutely unfit;* besides I wish to be indulged with a room, out of which I may not be turned by any Professor, Tutor, the Librarian or cook.

If you would be so good as to lay this request before the corporation, it would add to the kindnesses already conferred on

your very humble servt

BENJn WATERHOUSE

Revd President Willard.

In 1805, various friends of the College subscribed to the foundation of a professorship of natural history, the first incumbent of which was to be elected by the subscribers. This proposal was bitterly opposed by Dr. Waterhouse, who felt that this department of instruction had been fostered and developed during many years by himself alone, and that another should not be allowed to displace him. He submitted a Memorial to the Corporation March 1, 1805, the first portion of which is worth quoting, since it states the results of his labors up to that time:[1]

"The Memorial of Benjamin Waterhouse, Teacher of Natural History in the University at Cambridge to the Honb^l. & Rev^d. the Corporation, most respectfully sheweth,

"That your memorialist was 17 years ago appointed to deliver annually a course of Lectures on Natural history in this college, as expressed by a vote of the Corporation here annexed, which vote was confirmed by the board of Overseers the May following.

"Thus constituted a teacher of Nat^l. History, your memorialist prepared a set of Lectures on that extensive subject. In executing this task he carefully selected such objects as would most forcibly impress the minds of youth with the harmony of the Universe, or unity of design throughout the great Temple of creation; the end & aim of the whole being to lead them '*to look through Nature up to Nature's God.*'

"During the greatest part of the space above mentioned, your memorialist struggled with such difficulties, impediments, and discouragements as would have entirely checked anyone who was not animated with the ambitious sentiment of being considered hereafter the *Founder* of Nat^l. History in the first University in America.

"As Nat. History was an entirely new study in this College, your memorialist was compelled to exercise some address at its introduction. The College library was nearly barren of books on this subject; and what few there were appeared never to have been perused. Your Memorialist had first to excite a curiosity and then to gratify it. He had to prepare the ground, sow the seed & wait their produce. In this infantile state of things he had often to treat important subjects superficially, and to grow more particular as attention & taste encreased.

"Your memorialist commenced the business in the autumn of 1788 by giving his first course gratis. The 2^d year he opened his course with five pupils at a guinea a piece. The 3^d year he had seven. The

[1] Harvard College Papers, vol. iv. no. 220.

4th year he allowed each to subscribe whatever he chose; then he had about thirty, some subscribed three guineas, some two, and some half a guinea; others clubb'd together and divided the half guinea & the lectures between them, one attending one half the course, the other the remaining part. The President disapproving this mode, as deviating from the fee established by the Corporation, it never was again pursued. It was an effort in discouragement; for as yet your memorialist had never received a farthing of salary as a medical professor. Once, in a day of greater difficulty and perplexity than he ever before experienced, he sunk under the discouragement, and felt entirely disposed to relinquish a *second time* all connexion with Harvard College. This would have been effected had it not been for the encouragement of the venerable *Dr. Wigglesworth.* '*Persevere,* said he, *and you will find a reward. Pursue your plan of Natural history,* BOTANY *especially, which will not fail to raise up friends and supporters. On this subject I will venture to prophecy; it will grow into an establishment.*' On this gleam of encouragement he resumed his task with a degree of alacrity, and on the former plan of a guinea each pupil, his numbers were, if he remember right, ten. The 6th year the numbers were about the same. The 8th year they were nineteen. The 9th year forty one; the 10th year about the same number; and the 11th year I had *sixty six*, including some indigent youth, who pay nothing.

"At this period difficulties were raised through the medium of the late Librarian, respecting giving lectures on Natl History in the philosophy chamber, when your memorialist was ejected from it *without a hearing.* This ejectment materially effected the profits of his course of lectures, by altering the time of his lecturing from autumn to the busy season of spring; and has in every succeeding year reduced the number of his pupils one half. Your memorialist has never been indulged with any opportunity of representing this matter to the Corporation. This with some other matters connected with it, have been sources whence continually flowed uneasiness & discontent. Your memorialist was considered by some as an adventitious Lecturer without rights, rank, or privileges.

"Your memorialist begs leave to remark that he was the originator of the CABINET OF MINERALS; and has been for more than *thirteen* years the principal agent in collecting the specimens therein contained; which for number and value surpass anything of the kind in the United States. By the help of this collection a competent naturalist may illustrate *one of the three Kingdoms of Nature.* This rich collection is not like that of books, or plants perishable by time, but will remain unimpaired for ages.

"Your memorialist has likewise collected some curious and valuable articles in other branches of Nat^l History, which he gratuitously transferred from his own private musæum to that of the College; the particulars of which he has detailed to that member of the Corporation who resides in Cambridge.

"Beside mineralogy your memorialist has sedulously cultivated 'philosophical Botany'; or the anatomy and physiology of vegetables, together with the elements of agriculture and vegetation; and this he presumes he has carried as far as his slender pecuniary means & other requisites could reasonably be expected. As his plan differs from that of any hitherto made public, he has chosen to submit it to the severity of public criticism. Your memorialist has collected no small number of indigenous plants & made & procured not a few drawings illustrative of the *Linnæan System*. In a word he has strove beyond his strength to introduce and build up the science of Nat^l History in general in the University at Cambridge; but finding his strength failing, discouragements multiplying, and innovations approaching, he naturally turns to his constituents for protection & encouragement."

He goes on to beg the Corporation not to allow his work to be interfered with by the establishment of the proposed Professorship, of which he has only learned by hearsay, and the statutes governing which have never been submitted to him.

At about the same time, he wrote to Judge Davis, a member of the Corporation (February 15, 1805):[1]

"I feel free to say that this affair is a very important one to me. 'Tis a crisis, or turning point in my life, influencing my domestic plans & future prospects; as on the termination of this design, the education of my four sons, or in other words my connexion with Harvard College depends; since I had determined, if this hitherto concealed scheme, when develloped, should be found to interfere with my reputation or interest, to publish in a pamphlet a narrative of all my exertions, in founding, maturing & bringing forward, Natural history in general, & *Botany* in particular, then to quit the ground, go into Boston there to give my lectures & to attempt practice, in which idea I have been encouraged by characters of no small influence in society.

"I disavow any design or desire to marr or impede any beneficial plan. I explicitly declare that envy has no place in my composition;

[1] Harvard College Papers, vol. iv. no. 218.

but I should be divested of the ordinary feelings of humanity, nay I should be '*worse than a heathen,*' were I totally insensible to some past and present transactions, in which my character & interest are concerned. After labouring *seventeen* years in establishing a new branch of science in this place, and having ALONE, and UNASSISTED brought it to a degree of maturity, then to have another person brought forward to take the most conspicuous & captivating part of it, with the title of *Professor*, while I remain with the humble title of *Lecturer*, giving lectures to boys at *25 cents* each lecture, is what a man of Judge Davis knowledge of men & things can never suppose I will submit to. My friends would dispise me if I did, and they ought to."

When the Corporation submitted to him the statutes of the professorship, and assured him it was to be a professorship specifically of botany and entomology, he withdrew his objections, but although this title was in fact used in several votes of the Corporation, it was soon displaced by the original and more comprehensive designation.

One of the objects of the new fund was to found a Botanic Garden, and in this Dr. Waterhouse was actively interested. Indeed, his own lectures on Botany, repeated from year to year, doubtless had had their part in exciting a general interest in the project, so that we may truly say that the establishment of the Botanic Garden was, in part, due to Dr. Waterhouse.[1]

For four years Dr. Waterhouse continued his lectures on natural history, but on April 27, 1809, we find this vote in the Records of the Corporation:

"Whereas when there was no Professor of Natural History in Harvard College to instruct the Pupils in any branch of Natural History the Corporation on the 29. April 1788 authorized Dr. Waterhouse to deliver annually a course of Lectures upon Natural History to such of the students as should obtain permission under the hands of their Parents or guardians to attend, since that time a Professorship of Natural History has been founded at Cambridge & Professor elected & introduced into that office capable of reading Lectures in every branch of Natural History who has already been directed to read Lectures on

[1] See the "Advertisement" of his book, "The Botanist," published in 1811.

Botany, Entomology & Zoology and who may read Lectures in such other branches of Natural History as may be directed agreeably to the foundation, as it is inconvenient & improper that Lectures in the Natural History be read by two distinct professors, therefore it is

"Voted that hereafter no Lectures in Natural History be read in the College or to any of the Students but by the Professor of Natural History. But as the Corporation has learnt that Dr. Waterhouse has already began his annual course of Lectures for the present year it is further voted that he may finish the said course agreeably to the terms of the said vote passed in 1788, and that after his present course is finished to wit from & after the last Wednesday in August next the said vote be rescinded and made null & void."

A characteristic letter from Dr. Waterhouse to his friend, John Quincy Adams, for whom he entertained a sincere regard and who was shortly after to be installed as the first Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, is found among the papers of Professor Pearson, now in the possession of Phillips Academy, Andover. It is dated March 30, 1806, just after the election of Samuel Webber as president and before his inauguration. Professor Pearson had been for twenty years Hancock Professor of Hebrew, six years a member of the Corporation, and after President Willard's death, September 25, 1804, for more than a year, Acting President. A theologian of the old school, he gave up all hope of saving the College from the advancing tide of Unitarianism when Henry Ware was elected Professor of Theology, and retired to Andover, where he soon after was instrumental in founding the Andover Theological Seminary as a protest against the defection of Harvard.

The letter is as follows:

CAMBRIDGE, March 30th, 1806.

DEAR SIR, —

In the last letter which I wrote to you, I was pleasing myself that we should have a President, that would break the scum, the thick scum which has covered our collegiate pool. Although Mr. Ames is not so profound a scholar nor so truly scientific as some others of the sons of Harvard, yet I hoped & believed that his brilliant talents would give science a more pleasing countenance than she has lately borne here. His declining set us once more afloat. All of us on the ground would have been well contented with Dr. Pearson, but, our Rulers in

Boston, not to say *Essex*, uttered their *veto;* and to give it due force they talked him down; and talked their man, Dr. K—— up; but the Corporation were disobedient & would not chuse him. What did they do next? They chose a man, whom no one ever thought of; a sort of negative character; a man without friends or enemies; a man as ignorant of the world as if he had never been born into it; a mere mathematician; to which branch of science he is a bigot; a man who thinks that all the rest of the world are busy about trifles, mathematicians excepted! The Corporation have been censured not a little for this choice; and their excuse is, that in these times of innovation, it is best to keep the College ship in Dock, and not suffer her to venture near an enemy; that they studied safety rather than risk a voyage of discovery: If these reasons be admitted why did they chuse Fisher Ames? The truth of the matter is, they did as has been done more than once in the Roman conclave, disappoint all the fierce contending princes & intriguing courts by chusing a good but obscure monk, who had neither power or inclination to do good or harm. What has been the consequence of this surprising election? The consequence has been the banishment of Dr. Pearson. He retires to a small house in Andover with very little to live on, after being 18 years in the service of college. It avails him nothing that he has enriched the college treasury, as it is said, 30,000 dollars. He is suffered to go off with as little feelings of compassion as some people turn off an old, sick decrepit cart-horse. Dr. P. had his notions, and labored to fortify them, yet was he a respectable man, a good scholar, and a faithful teacher. They accuse him of being at times passionate & cross. I never knew a good & faithful officer but what was. Who can have much to do with men, and with mens children, especially in controuling and correcting them and preserve a placid temper? But the man placed at the head of this great school, for it is but a school, never was known to be out of temper, say his advocates; — if so, say others, he will never make a good & energetic officer. Such is the state of things at this time, in this place, and such are the feelings of all I have yet conversed with in the college instruction & government, one person excepted, who says nothing.

Under these circumstances I have taken the resolution to stay at home & say nothing; but follow my medical & natural history lectures, & attend, as much as I can to the education of my children myself. I could not however keep my silence towards you, because I know that you feel a particular interest in the present & future state of this seminary, and because I supposed that you would like to know how we stood affected in this place, under our new arrangement; and I knew

that what I said to you would never be mentioned to the injury of any mans feelings. With the highest degree of respect and esteem I remain your steady friend

BENJ^N WATERHOUSE.

The later years of Dr. Waterhouse's professorship were stormy ones and attended with many mortifying experiences in his relations with the College. In 1807, the Corporation, becoming dissatisfied with his care of the mineral cabinet, appointed the President and Judge Davis a Committee to examine it and report whether all the specimens were to be found and in order. The Committee professed to be unable to find many of the specimens, and demanded them of the Professor, who replied with indignation. In 1809, he was "discharged from any further care of the Cabinet." He had never been on good terms with his fellow professors on the Medical Faculty, yet complained that they did not consult him in regard to measures contemplated relating to the school. In 1810, the lectures were moved from Cambridge to Boston, and Dr. Waterhouse was obliged, much against his will, to take up his residence in Boston, though he seems never to have given up his Cambridge house. March 29, 1811, he writes to President Kirkland, who had then been president just four months:[1]

DEAR SIR,

I receiv^d your letter with pleasure & read it with satisfaction, because I thought I perceived in it something inducing me to believe that you and I could do business together harmoniously. Nay I deem it impossible that any thing like that acrimony which broke out between me & some of the college legislators can arise between us; for I never can charge you with personal ingratitude.

Instead of twelve Lectures, I should like to give 18, or 20. I must as you intimated adapt them to my audience, which will cost me some labour. I wish however to give at least four this term. Perhaps two in a week, and if you can so arrange it, at 9, or 10 o'clock. Thirty or thirty five minutes each time would be all I wish for. Circumstances do not, at present, allow of it. Perhaps your removal from Boston to Cambridge, may give you some idea of the state of my mind in removing from Cambridge to Boston. It is like two opposite streams that forms a whirlpool in which nothing advances. My sleep, my perspira-

[1] Harvard College Papers, vol. vi. p. 80.

tion & my appetite are deranged and every day or two I am afflicted with a dismal sick headache, by which that day is wasted; and this will continue, I expect more or less until I get fixed in Boston.

I find it is expected of me that I give to the Committee of the Board of Overseers an accurate statement of the injury I have sustained in my income, by the alterations that have been made in my lecturing in this place. In order to do this properly as it regards my medical lectures I beg leave to ask of you some information, for really I do not understand what I have read, and what comes to me by report from some of the senior class. I ask this information in the two fold capacity of a professor & a parent.

I learnt from the votes of the Corporation that we three professors were to give our lectures to the senior class *gratis*. This I told to several who enquired of me.

By the late vote I learnt that instead of it, the Seniors who attended were to be assessed 10 dollars each in their Q^{r}. bills. I now hear that the Prof^{r} of Anatomy has obtained from about 30 undergraduates a subscription of *15 dollars* each for that course which these young men expected and had a right to expect from what had been said to them, *gratis*, or at most for their 10 dollars assessment, which makes up the 25 dollars which that Prof^{r}. has for those students who attend him from abroad. Now I wish to enquire as a *parent*, whose son is to pursue medicine as a profession, if I am to be charged 10 dollars in the Q^{r}. bill, and then pay Dr Warren 15 dollars more for his attendance on the course. If this be the case I have two objections to it. First as a *professor* I deem it a thing that will injure the character of our medical school, for the public will pronounce it unjust, because the expences of a subject &c is very trifling. Second as a *parent*, I declare to you that I cannot afford it; for almost every *Lacteal* by which I & my family drew nutriment from college has been cut off; insomuch as I have been obliged as Judge Wendell & Dr Holmes know, to take my two sons from Andover, because I could not afford to keep them there, nor to bring them up to college, and because I have been compelled to borrow money to pay the college dues of that son who graduated last year. Before that period my income from my natural history lectures not only paid my sons bills, but procured me my *wood*, my *hay*, & my *cyder*. Mr Gannet can confirm this. Now I am indebted to the college treasury for wood and am paying interest for it, while the Corporation keep from me my compensation as Cabinet-keeper for about 8, or 9 months, & for my extra labour in three times arranging by their order the Cabinet, and which I presume will over ballance what I owe the Treasurer.

The Corporation also withhold the payment of a bill, which *I think* they are bound in honor to discharge, due to David Frost, & which I expect to be sued for every day, the particulars of which I mean to give to the committee of the overseers, because my character has been cruelly handled in its discussion by the late Treasurer & Judge Davis, & which has been the subject of coarse remarks by the mechanics of Cambridge for a year or two past, not very respectful to college.

I applaud honest Pickering for his bold appeal to the public, and shall follow his courageous example; but hope to do it in a less angry spirit. This wretched scrawl ought to be transcribed, but the headache forbids, and leaves me only to add sentiments of respect to you officially & personally

B. Waterhouse

By the fall of this year, the other Medical professors had become so estranged from him and so exasperated in their feelings, that they presented a memorial to the Corporation (November 18, 1811), stating particulars in the conduct of Dr. Waterhouse which forbade their further intercourse with him. We cannot undertake to discuss the question how far their statements were justified, but they charged the Doctor (1) with having supported the design for a College of Physicians in Boston which would be injurious to the Harvard Medical School; (2) that "he evinced a want of veracity" in stating that he had no knowledge of the plan for extending the Medical School to Boston, and that he knew nothing in advance of two circular letters issued by his colleagues; (3) that he had printed in the "New England Palladium," May 3, 1811, a libel against the Professor and Adjunct Professor of Anatomy, "which had a tendency to injure their characters, was of a nature to be highly offensive to their feelings, and to diminish their usefulness in the University, and that later, in another article, he charged the other professors with a neglect of their official duties."

A copy of the memorial was sent to Dr. Waterhouse, and he was asked to attend at a meeting of the Corporation and face his accusers. His letter to President Kirkland, November 28, 1811, is in part as follows:[1]

"I beg you, Reverend Sir, to be assured that my not answering your letter of last Saturday, enclosing that to the Corporation from the Medi-

[1] Harvard College Papers, vol. vii. p. 5.

cal Professors & their Adjuncts, did not arise from inattention or disrespect; but from a very different sentiment. It has so fallen out, in the course of the administration of your Predecessor, that I have, in one or two cases, answered some communications with full as much indignation as prudence. His lamented death dissipated everything like resentment, and has led me to form for myself a rule never to answer off hand, and on the first impression any communication having the complexion of the denunciating letter of my colleagues. I therefore, after reading the letter to my wife & my children; and after having shewn it to several friends out of doors, have taken up my pen to acknowledge the receipt of it from you, and to say that I will attend at the time & place prescribed.

"Two of the three charges appear not to be worthy my notice, or any one's else: but one of them is sufficiently serious to excite all my attention, and the attention of my friends, & the attention of the College Legislature.

"Scarcely a week has elapsed since I cleared myself from the imputation of *peculation* & other acts of dishonesty in the administration of the affairs of a public hospital when I find myself accused before the Corporation of being a LIAR. The Medical students here in Boston have already got hold of the story, and they are told that it will be only throwing away money to attend my course of lectures for that the Corporation are now in the act of removing me from a station which I disgrace. This and a *great deal more* has already reached the ears of *all* my family."

Referring to the case of a Frenchman who had some years before been in the service of the College and had been finally dismissed — "driven from College & from this country by the indignant voice of public opinion, and not by the intrigues of *professional Rivals*," he continues:

"Now I, who have been a Professor in your College nearly 30 years, & have still a few friends left who are not ashamed to own me, ask of the Honb^l & Rev^d. the Corporation no more tenderness, no more fellow-feeling, sympathy or exercise of patience towards me, and consideration for my family, than what was exercised towards this notoriously immoral Frenchman."

The Corporation seems to have examined into the trouble with great care, and to have given all parties, and particularly Dr. Water-

house, every opportunity to be heard, but finally (May 14, 1812) resolved that, harmony and confidence being destroyed, "the interest and reputation of the University require that he [Dr. Waterhouse] be removed from the office of Hersey Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic," and it was voted that Dr. Waterhouse be and he is hereby removed from said professorship.

In spite of the peculiarities of temperament and perhaps the animosities of politics which seem to have made it impossible for Dr. Waterhouse and his colleagues to work together in harmony, we must not forget his good qualities and his valuable services to the College. Dr. Holmes describes him as a "brisk dapper old gentleman, with hair tied in a ribbon behind and, I think, powdered, marching smartly about with his gold-headed cane, with a look of questioning sagacity and an utterance of oracular gravity." It is pleasant to find in the recently published volume on the Harvard Medical School this paragraph in its account of Dr. Waterhouse:[1]

"Rather than the pompous old gentleman of Dr. Holmes' remembrance, let us think of Dr. Waterhouse as the enthusiastic student of science, striving in far-distant America to keep in touch with the best that was taking place in the centers of European learning, vigorous and practical in his ability to seize upon the medical event of the period, strong in the denunciation of existing evils, and with a breadth of mind that prepared the way for the advent of Gray and Agassiz."

Another letter, now in the Andover Pearson papers, also addressed to John Quincy Adams, must be our last glimpse of the irascible but warm-hearted doctor. It is undated, but being addressed to "Pres^t Adams," cannot be earlier than March, 1825, and from the allusions in it cannot be much later than that.

"I close with a word or two on this University — Dr. Pearson told me some years ago, that his father-in-law, President Holyoke, said to him, on his deathbed — 'if any man wishes to be humbled and mortified, let him become President of Harvard-college,' w^c, said the Dr., I then thought a very strange speech; but I now perceive the wisdom of it; for Pearson retired from it in utter disgust. Webber lost his life by it; and I do not believe that the chair, even now, feels, at all times, as if

[1] The Harvard Medical School, 1782–1906, p. 19.

stuffed with eider-down. Pearson predicted to me, & to others, that the ingrafting the botanical & natural history professorship on the University would operate the destruction of the institution. I every day see his prediction verifying. Two of their ablest teachers,[1] men who have studied & travelled in Europe have recently left them, & are about establishing a seminary for the instruction of lads, near Northampton. The Amherst college has lost, by sudden death, its Calvinistic President[2] but the institution is progressing, while 40 young men of spirit have left Harvard filled with resentment. The establishment is in no small destress for money, owing principally to following the advice of some of the very wisest men that ever trod the soil of Essex, who persuaded them to sell out their 6 pr. cent stock when it was down to 85! This was all owing to political blindness, & clerical ignorance. It is said, & I believe it, that the funds of the Natural history professorship is nearly all consumed wasted without honor or profit. If so, I think the history of Ahab, Naboth & Jezabel is about finished. If this be a true state of things, they have the bitter reflection, that it is all owing to the advice of *one* man, who accepted a seat in the Corporation on the express condition of *doing as he had a mind to.* I heartily wish the prosperity of this noble institution; but I am convinced, that one generation, with its rancorous politics, must pass away, before this college, and its adjunct, the Academy of Arts & Sciences, will be placed on a safe, honorable & prosperous footing. I wish never to have any thing to do with them. I have no more sons to listen to their instructions; and I think so little of them, that I wonder how I came to say so much of their affairs; for assuredly they very rarely occupy the thoughts of your old Leyden Friend

BENJ^N^. WATERHOUSE.

Pres^t^. Adams.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER read the following paper:

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When your Secretary was calling, one evening, I unwarily showed him this book, containing Dr. Waterhouse's Journal, and he asked me to

[1] Cogswell and Bancroft.

[2] Rev. Zephaniah Swift Moore, first president of Amherst College, 1821–1823.

read from it to the Society. It occurred to me then that by taking here and there passages, short or long, I might fill half an hour with the discourse of this venerable man, making it, so far as possible, a talk more or less garrulous, as if with the old gentleman himself.

Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse was born at Newport, R. I., in 1754. His father, Timothy Waterhouse, came from Portsmouth, N. H.; his mother, Hannah Proud,[1] and his mother's family from Yorkshire, England. They had intended to settle in Philadelphia, but they sailed in the autumn and their ship was blown into Newport, and they, with others on board, stayed in Newport and liked the place. There he was born and brought up, attending the school founded by Bishop Berkeley. Redwood, one of the local magnates, befriended him, and he had medical instruction from Dr. Halliburton, who afterwards went to Nova Scotia, and was the father of "Sam Slick." Waterhouse was evidently a youth of great promise, and about 1774 he received an invitation from his mother's cousin, Dr. John Fothergill, of London, one of the most eminent physicians in England, to go over and pursue his medical course there. Young Waterhouse sailed out of Boston in April, 1775, in the ship *Thomas*, the last American vessel that slipped through before the English blockaded the port. In England Dr. Fothergill took him into his own house and was more than a father to him. This diary is full of the most beautiful tributes of affection and gratitude to Dr. Fothergill, who sent him to Edinburgh and then to Dublin, and finally wrote for him to come back to London. He spent, in all, three years in Great Britain. From there he went to Leyden, where was the foremost university in the world for medicine. There he passed, as nearly as I can make out, parts of four years, studying not only medicine but other subjects. While he was there John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, visited Leyden to try to persuade Holland to take the side of the Colonies in our Revolutionary War. During his vacations Waterhouse used to go on travels into Germany and up the Rhine. One summer he roamed the Dutch provinces inspecting prisons with Thomas Howard the philanthropist. Then he went to Paris, and fell in with Dr. Franklin, who took, apparently, a great fancy to him. From

[1] They were married in 1739.

Paris he journeyed down through France into Spain and took ship for the West Indies, but stopped off for two months at Teneriffe, where he climbed the mountain and studied botany. After reaching Cuba, — he was nearly drowned in the harbor of Havana, his ship tipped over, — he spent three months in the island, and got back to Newport in 1782, just at the close of the Revolution. He says somewhere in his Journal that when he signed his name on the college book at Leyden, he put down, "Benjamin Waterhouse, citizen of the free and independent United States," and that the college authorities wished to make him scratch that out. "But," he said, "that is what we are, and I will not."

When he reached Newport in the autumn of 1782, he was in doubt what to do, whether to stay there and pursue medicine or to go back to London, where Dr. Fothergill offered him a position. Dr. Fothergill's death shortly after decided him to stay in America; and then in the following spring he was invited by the Corporation of Harvard to come and be one of the first professors at the Medical School.

His quarrels at Harvard Mr. Lane has described. Exactly who was to blame I think no one now can decide, for it was a question of incompatibility. Dr. Waterhouse had a very irascible temperament. He was an outsider, coming from Newport; he was in competition with men who inherited, in a way, their Harvard position; and in a few years he fell out with them politically. He was a Democrat; they became Federalists — aristocrats, as he called them — so that his course was inevitably stormy. But so far as I can gather, he was the most many-sided man of his time in this country. If you trace the many great interests that go back to him, I think you are justified in saying that. Of course, his vital contribution to health in America, a contribution which every one of us in this room should be grateful for, was the introduction of vaccination. He had known Jenner in England, and as soon as Jenner sent him over news of his successful experiments in vaccination, Dr. Waterhouse vaccinated his own boy, Daniel Oliver Waterhouse, the first white person ever vaccinated in America, although the good people of Cambridge said it was equivalent to murdering his child. Then he vaccinated his other children, and they lived, and he was in correspondence with President Jefferson,

who had his negroes vaccinated at Monticello. It took seven years, the doctor says somewhere, to complete the introduction of vaccination; and now, he adds, "it is so universally adopted and has so completely put an end to the greatest pest that white society has ever had," [which is the fact,] "that if you see a person who has pock marks you may be sure he is a foreigner."

After his dismissal from the professorship at Harvard in 1812, the war came on, and Dr. Waterhouse received an appointment from the government as a medical inspector; and in one form or another I think he held that office until about 1827 or 1828. Then he returned to Cambridge, moved back about that time into his old home, the Waterhouse house, and lived on there until 1846. He died at ninety-two.

The earliest date in this diary, which has been chopped up — I don't know by whom, many pages have been ruthlessly taken out — is 1828. Then there is a jump until 1833. It is a journal in which he jots down his reminiscences, the events of the day, reflections and memoranda, and I have tried to pick out for to-night some of the Cambridge items which I thought might interest you, and also a few passages relating to Harvard, and a few relating to Waterhouse himself.

March 5, 1836: "This is my birth-day, being born March 5, 1754. It is somewhat remarkable that [at] eighty-two years of age, I can write from five to six hours a day, and go up and down stairs almost as quickly as ever, and sleep from six to seven hours, and have no other pain or aches, but now and then in my left foot. [Then he says:] The snow and thick solid ice still remains, and cubes of ice from 'Fresh Pond' incessantly, from before day-light to after sunset, pass in six-horse teams without an interval of half an hour. Numerous and huge wooden buildings are run up in Charlestown to be ready to be shipped off for the Southern States, even to Louisiana, the Bay of Mexico, the West India Islands and the East Indies! The quantity shipped is incredible, as there is as yet no tax upon it, the profit immense, compared with our laborious brickmakers. Besides this, which passes in front of my house, there are three other avenues to Boston through which this luxury is passing in quantities absolutely incredible. . . . The cubes being from 12 to 18 inches square incur but little diminution in the Dog-days."

I would say that the rhetoric of this Journal has never been corrected, so that there are many lapses. Dr. Waterhouse leaves out words here and there, and he says somewhere, "One of the few signs of old age I find is that I forget how to spell." In my extracts I have not transcribed literatim, but have tried to give what the Doctor meant to write.

This is a description of the little old home at No. 7 Waterhouse Street:

"When I look back on the past year [1835], I have to pronounce it not an unpleasant one. I have returned to my own pleasant house, to the centre of Cambridge where my six children were born, only two of whom are now living. . . . Within a few minutes walk of our spacious Library, and within more and less of four places of worship, the handsome enclosed Common or College-green in front, and about eight acres of good land in the rear. I have been enabled to raise every domestic vegetable from under the surface of the ground and above it for my table, and grain for a pair of horses and some domestic animals."

Some of the most interesting passages refer to the books he is reading. March 15, 1836, he is busy with the reprint of an essay on Napoleon Bonaparte, "written by the Rev. William Ellery Channing, son of William Channing, Esquire, late of Newport, R. I., and grandson of the Hon. William Ellery, an old and intimate friend of my Father. The Rev. Dr. Channing is a man of respectable standing for his learning, but not too diffident in his opinions. Throughout my defence of Bonaparte I never named Channing, although all knew whom I meant." Among the Doctor's favorites was Bonaparte. He also wrote a book on Junius which he thought would immortalize his name. In it he proved that Lord Chatham was Junius.

"My animadversions had the effect I contemplated," he continues, concerning Channing's Essay, "but never any personal difference or any diminution of apparent personal respect, so that we both spoke our opposite opinions of the greatest man of the age without destroying [our] mutual respect. To my surprise, however, the Rev. Dr. has republished his Review of Napoleon and encomium of Sir Walter Scott's Life of him, which determined me to prepare my new paper numbers for publication in a volume. . . . Channing is a respectable man, of a forward dis-

position, and his zeal sometimes overbalances his knowledge, as in the case of Napoleon ten years ago, and the *Slavery question* recently. What he says of slavery, in the abstract, coincides with my own judgment, but if pushed, *at this time*, may lay our Southern brethren under great embarrassments and cover their towns in blood and ashes. They in one sense exist by the Christian forbearance of New England spirit."

May 1, 1836. "Pleasant weather; thermometer at 66. Went to meeting. The Rev^d Wm. Newell preached an excellent sermon repleat with good sense, sound morals and piety, and an improved delivery, but the few lines suggested to him from Pope's Messiah was a passage rather beyond his powers as yet. . . . It is to be lamented that our students of divinity in this University neglect so much pulpit oratory and the art of reading a Psalm or hymn properly. Mr. Newell is so good a young man, and so well-disposed that I have taken some pains to improve him in pronunciation, or rather ennunciation, or what Demosthenes called '*Action.*' How stale, flat and unprofitable are some of the finest passages in the Bible for want of a proper delivery!"

Then here is an account of the two hundredth anniversary of Harvard. It was for that anniversary, as you remember, that Dr. Gilman wrote "Fair Harvard."

9th September, 1836. "Yesterday was celebrated in this place the second centennial or 200th year from the foundation of the college — a brilliant and imposing festival, whether we consider the great numbers present or the oral performances. A huge tent or pavilion containing 1200 people, where the alumni dined. I never saw so long a civic procession. The illuminations at night were beautiful and without any disagreeable accident. President Quincy in an address of two hours did not fatigue his audience. Everything was well arranged and fortunately conducted. We may say of the whole — *O factum bene!* We may make one remark that none of the present day will not wonder at: the toasts and extemporaneous speeches were all complimentary & flattering, and all calculated to please, or rather to hurt no one's feelings. It was all hail everybody, and during the whole I heard not a hiss from any goose or serpent whatever. Our fore-fathers were highly praised for their expressions of *liberality*, and no one even squeaked a malediction at any of their persecutions. They were all God's people, and therefore as good as Moses or Joshua or David or Solomon himself, — when not a mother's son was so free from vice, cruelty & injustice, as either of our Presidents, from Washington to Jackson inclusive." [This is by an

old man of over eighty, but still has a good deal of vigor.] "It appears from all quarters that the state of society and the love of loud methodistical preaching far transcends the calm, rational style of our Boston Unitarians. Excitement is relished and called for; in other words, there must be a bell-wether to every flock, or the sheep will leap the walls and riot on the barren commons."

"April 6th, 1837. This is *Fast-day*, as appointed and proclaimed by the Governor [His Excellency Edward Everett]. It has been a custom from the first settlement of Massachusetts to appoint and proclaim a Day of Fasting and Prayer in the spring and of *Thanksgiving* in the autumn, and our forefathers kept them as solemn festivals, especially Fast-day. But with the exception of going to meeting forenoon and afternoon in the spring, with something like an apology for fasting, it has now been very little regarded. I am doubtful if even our minister keeps a fast, or any of his hearers. On the contrary there is more riding out from Boston of the young men than on any other day, — yet no entertainments or inviting of company. It is a welcome holiday to the printers of newspapers, shopkeepers, journeymen & apprentices. There is nothing in it like the fasts of the ancient Jews and the primitive Christians. As the proclamation of the Chief Magistrate seems to exhort us to be serious, so that for a Thanksgiving in the Autumn encourages the People to be joyful if not merry. It is a period of feasting in family circles, the social meeting of children and grand-children with their grandparents, and a feast of good things. The Governor's proclamation means to say — '*Be merry and wise.*'

April 18, 1837. "Look into the newspapers of the day and every column is marked with the words 'money! money! money!' with notes of admiration, or rather, black marks!!! of gloom and distress, when in fact the country was never so full of money as during the latter end of Jackson's administration and the beginning of Van Buren's." [Jackson was one of his great admirations.]

May 16, 1837. "Bankruptcies daily occur, like the children's play with bricks, one brick knocking down the next one to it until the whole row is prostrate in one dismal scene of obliquity. I have foreseen this state of things seven years past. Merchants and traders have not only over-traded but over-lived with what would be called, in Great Britain, extravagant living, in luxurious tables, costly indulgence of children & number of domestics, and in horses and carriages, and above all, in rash and imprudent speculations. New York, that rich and extravagant city, now feels greater calamity than her destructive fire."

June 1, 1837. "This day I attended as usual the annual meeting on

Brattle Street, Boston, of the convention of Congregational Ministers, being the predominant religion of New England and of Connecticut. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., my son-in-law, he being Professor of Divinity in the Theological School in Cambridge. It was by far the largest assembly I have ever seen on this annual occasion. The discourse — malgré his illness, — for he rose from his bed to deliver it. I deprecated the risk & lamented the exposure; but H. Ware will die in the harness, and will never be allowed to roll. He, like John Quincy Adams, is called on without due consideration or mercy. Such is the fate of superior talents and high character as a man and Divine. The [emblem] of such an indefatigable man is a *Tree on fire* with the motto — '*While it enlightens others it consumes itself.*' "

June 4, 1837. "Died my valued and long-tried friend, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Society in this Town, and afterwards of the Second Church, aged seventy-three. When a majority of this church declared themselves to be in faith Unitarians, the learned and worthy Holmes avowed himself to be Orthodox, — that is, an advocate of the doctrines taught by John Calvin, somewhat modified, and therefore called a *liberal* Calvinist. His station was delicate, and offices at times unpleasant. He was inclined to be moderate & accommodating as far as a good conscience would allow. Finding he could not walk the middle path so as to please the majority, and at the same time satisfy his own conscience, he allowed the majority to chuse another minister, while he himself preached to his adherents in a new meeting-house, not far from the house he left. The infirmities of age came on him rather sooner than on most of his brethren; for Abiel Holmes was a hard student, and unremittingly faithful, and his relaxation from his ministerial duties was in writing history. His new society gave him a colleague, and they apparently laboured harmoniously, but after all it was not a garment without a seam. . . . Dr. Holmes received worse treatment from his Orthodox brethren than from the Unitarians who took the first steps to remove him. He had reason to pray — 'Save me from my friends.' When he preached in their new meeting-house, he was undermined by his false brethren. Deacon Wm. Hilliard, his putative friend, was the first person who spoke his discontent and the necessity of giving him a colleague. I thought it advisable, and a help his years and feeble health required; but I was averse to a high-toned Calvinist or a high-flown Unitarian. Holmes aimed at [being] a liberal but conscientious man, which he was. But he is dead, and has left behind a very respectable character. The Unitarians were his best friends. Abiel Holmes was really a righteous man. I feel grateful to him and to

his Father-in-law, Judge Wendell, for their steady friendship and noble stand when *my false brethren*, after working underground came out boldly to destroy me. I fought them three years; and though they effected [my downfall], as I always supposed they would, yet it was like Sampson when he pulled down the House which buried his enemies under the ruins."

This next quotation sounds as if it might have been written recently. Dr. Waterhouse has been speaking of his great indebtedness to Dr. Fothergill and his affection for Fothergill and also for Mr. Redwood of Newport, one of his earliest friends. He says (August 25, 1837):

"And as to Redwood, I have not only sounded his praises in my public discourses, but tried to erect a structure in imitation of the elegant Redwood Library in Newport, by our Law-school in Cambridge; but it is no more like that than I like Hercules. [This was old Dane Hall.] The genius of ugliness grinned horribly at the birth of every building belonging to Harvard College. Hitherto every one of their structures have been committee-spoilt. It is a mercy that the reverend and honorable sirs have not been able to disfigure the ground or alter the river. Cambridge is delightful in point of situation, soil, waters and healthy particulars, and happily placed for a large school. However, I am not disposed to carp or reflect on the present conductors of this Cambridge University. They never had a more liberal or faithful set of stewards. They had more learned Presidents than Josiah Quincy, but they never [had] a better one nor one so well qualified to manage to the best advantage that noble establishment. When their contemplated Library of granite[1] shall be completed, Mr. Quincy will probably retire from it, and will, if I mistake not, obtain the plaudit of 'good and faithful servant.'

"I admired his liberal conduct when President of the United States Andrew Jackson visited the University, and when in despite of a mean opposition, he publicly conferred the honor of LL.D. on the venerable and old soldier, and universally applauded chief magistrate of our nation. It was an untried and somewhat trying scene to the veteran general, yet he went through it without a boggle or the least embarrassment in the Academical ceremony as well as in the religious. When the hymn was sung, written by Judge Story for the occasion, in which a distant but handsome allusion was made to the hero, he noticed the civility in a

[1] Gore Hall.

manner that marked the man of sense and the gentleman. So when he was ushered into our splendid Library, where the splendid full-length picture of *John Adams, the elder*, filled a large [place] on the West end, and that of his son John Quincy Adams, he noticed them both with a gentlemanlike compliancy as the pride of Massachusetts, although it was well-known they were not the favorites of each other in their political views & feelings.

"President Jackson said to me on that day at the house of President Quincy that he wanted words to express his feelings and his sense of the honors conferred on him that day by the learned men of Massachusetts. 'You certainly,' said he, 'have all the means of a good education.' I myself was particularly gratified that Jackson should see proofs in the Library that we had distinguished John Adams, both father and his son, by their spacious pictures, above all the sons of old Harvard. On Jackson's return to Washington he said on all occasions that offered that he ever should bear in mind the honors of Massachusetts in general and of the University of Cambridge in particular. In all this view of things, I cannot but confess that Andrew Jackson, President of the U. S., is a very *extraordinary man*."

"This is the 9th of July, 1838, — extreme hot weather for Cambridge. All windows open day and night. Attended the club held at my son's, Henry Ware, with great pleasure and satisfaction; — a fine set of literary gentlemen; — one or two absent that I did n't regret. At this season its sitting was but a little over an hour. My next-door neighbor, Mr. Hodges, was my pilot there and home again."

Mr. Hodges, as you know, was the father of Mrs. Swan, one of our members. Mrs. Swan wrote me the other day that she remembered very well Dr. Waterhouse as walking up and down the street in his dressing-gown. One other member of our Society, Colonel Higginson, I talked with, and he said that he remembered going there once to see the Doctor, taking a petition to have the trees planted on the Common. His mother wished the Doctor to be the first signer, and he did sign. There are two or three references to the Common which we may come upon presently.

Commencement, August 29, 1838. [This was the Commencement at which James Russell Lowell was graduated, and also Judge Charles Devens, and W. W. Story, the sculptor and poet.] "Yesterday," he writes on the 30th, "was the annual Commencement of this Cambridge

University, and may perhaps be [my] last. I hesitated somewhat whether to attend. I only excused myself from the usual public dinner, not to take up the room and plate better disposed of to some stranger, — and, moreover, to be at liberty to invite some friends who may be uninvited by any one. As to the quantum of science and the comparative grade of it displayed, it seems rather higher than heretofore, or rather, it is more manlike, less attempts at wit, — and yet not surpassing what was exhibited last year at Providence. [He had gone down the year before to the Commencement at Brown University, and had a great ovation. That was the high-water mark for him.] Yet the stream rises as high as the source. We need a President as learned, as zealous, as industrious as Cotton Mather was in his day. My friend John, who called on me yesterday, would, I think, make as good a President as we could find. [I don't know who John was.] Governor Everett would not, I think, accept the office after being the chief magistrate. He is able, learned and discreet, and does himself and the state honor, — I hope the state may act up to such a pattern. . . . That great, and what is still more honorable, that *good man*, John Quincy Adams, amidst his multiplied cares and duties, did not omit his accustomed visit to me this 30th of August . . . P. B. K. day. I relished his friendly visit with manlike and child-like feelings. I was not only pleased but delighted with this evidence of his steady friendship, which commenced as long ago as 1779."

Then he gives a long account of the stories told by John Quincy Adams of the Hamilton-Burr difficulty and duel.

April 24, 1839. "A kind of *Laodicean* weather, neither warm nor cold, — not enough to render a fire pleasant, and yet too chilly to sit comfortably without it. The mercury in the open air outdoors — between 50° and 55°, — a kind of a damp-shirt sensation between one's shoulders, just so as to feel snappish without rising up to the manly dignity of being angry."

Here is a bit relating to local building:

April 25, 1839. "To my great satisfaction my son-in-law, the Rev. William Ware, informed me yesterday he had determined on the location whereon to build his house here in Cambridge, — not far from his father's [I think his father then lived down on Kirkland Street] and yet nearer his brother Henry, — yet almost within hail of our own; so that the fathers, the brethren and grandfathers, and grand-

mothers, uncles and aunts, if not within hailing distance, may be within *screaming* distance of both male and female, if not of Demosthenical facility."

Two of Dr. Waterhouse's intimates were the two most eminent painters that America produced down to the present day. The first was Gilbert Stuart, born at about the same time with him; they were boys together in Newport and then they went to London together. The other was Washington Allston, who graduated at Harvard in 1798. While in college he lived in the little Waterhouse house and he made a pastel of old Mrs. Waterhouse, the mother of the Doctor, when she was nearly ninety. This entry is dated May 3, 1839:

"Washington Allston, in some sense my *éleve*, is now exhibiting his paintings in Boston; which, I apprehend, will add to his justly acquired reputation. I am sorry, however, to see in the newspapers laboured eulogiums on them. They speak for themselves and need no puffing by little trumpeters. He has considerately and properly sent us, as heretofore, tickets of admission."

June 27, 1839. "Pleasant weather; plentiful season. Went to see for the first time the giraffe, and relished the sight of that rare animal not a little."

Among his many innovations, because he was a come-outer, was his insistence on kindness to animals. He says, July 8, 1839:

"We have, however," speaking of some of the virtues of our New England people, — "we have, however, great room for improvement as regards treatment of our horses and other beasts of labor. This distinguished town of Cambridge exhibits even on the Sabbath painful instances of violent and unfeeling usage of sumptuary horses by the young men from Boston, while those of the colledge are free from the reproach. . . . I never countenanced my own children in shooting of birds or catching of fish with the insidious bait and hook for amusement. I have never failed to inculcate humanity to all that lives on my children."

As he gets older many of his entries here are in regard to the books that he is reading and comments on them. August 31, 1839, he writes:

"In Northcote's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds we have an account of the *Grand style*, which resembles or seems like looking into an intense

fiery furnace, all blazing with heat, smoke, soot and cinders, and a heap of ashes. What cannot be made intelligible to common sense, is very like that non-entity which the People call Nonsense. To get some notion of it, read the 50 last pages of the first volume of Northcote's Life of Reynolds."

August 31, 1839. "This has been the best commencement I ever attended. [The only surviving member of that class at Harvard is Dr. Edward Everett Hale.] The precocity of the youth surprised me; far beyond my own youthful day. To me they seem as if they stood in the advancement of our American world, and all this obtained without severity. On the contrary the friends of manly gratitude and self-respect."

September 7, 1839. "Delightful weather, and a set of farmerlike men working on the *Common*, with our neighbor Pomeroy at their head, who will do no more benefit than a host of such numskulls as have piddled on it for years past."

Then at one time there are fires everywhere in Boston, and he inveighs against our American neglect of fires. This bit gives a little picture of how fires started:

September 10, 1839. "We have destructive fires burning families out of house and home, but they are from carelessness, want of prudence and bad management, — hot ashes and coals of fire put by in a half-bushel, or some other dry vessel; Mr or Judge or Parson or Madam Wisdom catching their curtains on fire by reading after they get into bed, or some equally prudent procedure."

This leads him to compare our fire system with the Dutch and English.

In October, 1839, there was a great fair in Boston:

October 1, 1839. "The present great object of all the world, — i. e., Boston and Cambridge, is the novelty of a Fair, which the Bostonians have hardly yet learnt how to manage, or which end to take hold of first. The gentry or *choice spirits* are afraid to commit themselves by being too forward in a matter too plebeian for the first in rank to be over officious; and yet wish to lead, so that they may have a long and showy bobb to their kite; & so they stand still. It is an awkward thing to attempt to lead until you know that the People, that is the Plebeians, will follow. If Stephen Higginson had lived he might have shown us."

Here is a little item which seemed to me interesting:

October 4, 1839. "The history of the Lombardy poplar, a beautiful tree, introduced into Cambridge from Italy about sixty years ago by Dr. B. Waterhouse, and first reared in his garden at the north side of Cambridge Common, and which thrives now in America better than in France or Italy."

On March 5, 1840, his eighty-sixth birthday, he records this historical anecdote:

"My situation in the very pleasant town of Cambridge is inferior to none. In the far-famed County of Middlesex, scene of splendid deeds of and after our declaration of independence, when General Washington first drew his sword in its glorious cause in 1775. From the front windows of my study I take in a view of the whole ground, and I yet converse with some who conversed with that illustrious man when he took command here and began his glorious career. A sensible and very respectable Lady [Madam Wendell, daughter to Brigadier General Brattle, a Royalist and refugee from his country] gave me the following anecdote:

"When Boston was occupied by the British there was some firing across Charles River between the British and our militia, which much alarmed our women and frightened our children. General Washington occupied the largest and best house in Cambridge. Directly opposite resided a widow lady, Mrs. Wendell, above-mentioned, who was filled with apprehension at the firing of cannon and bombs now and then between the shore of Boston and Cambridge. Mrs. Wendell's father was what is called a Tory or Royalist, or adherent to the cause of King George. She had apprehensions not only for her own safety, but that of her father in Boston. He [Washington] therefore stopped his horse before her window and said to her: 'Madam! there is no reason for your apprehension of danger to your life here or to that of your father, from this noisy discharge of cannon and bombs. . . . You may rest in quiet repose, night and day, for aught I know to the contrary at present. Should danger approach you by night or day, you shall know in time, in common with your females, all to rest in safety.' And he never passed that lady's window without a bow of protection to both Whig and Tories. So that General Gage himself, had he come out of Boston to Cambridge, could not have said more to tranquilize the fears of the female part of the community than what Washington intimated to the numerous Tories of Cambridge."

May 10, 1841. "A few days past, died Mrs. Elizabeth Craigie, widow

of Andrew Craigie, whose father was usually called Captain Craigie; who commanded a ship for years between Boston and London."

Here is a bit of pre-revolutionary reminiscence when he was living in Newport:

August 18, 1841. "I distinctly remember when Peter Mumford was the travelling post-master between Boston and New York through Newport, Rhode Island, on horse-back. At length we could send to Boston for a *pound* of *green* tea; and when P. M. rode in a green chair some of our epicures, as my preceptor Dr. Halliburton coaxed Mumford to bring a salmon, when we made a feast for the Post-Master, who was then a *great* man and not a little courted. He wore a gold-laced hat, and was considered almost equal to the captain of a British sloop of war."

In June, 1842, — he is now eighty-eight years old, — he writes:

"Last night was perpetrated one of the most atrocious deeds ever known to be perpetrated in Harvard Colleges, nothing less than the explosion of a bomb-shell of the largest size, say thirteen inches, which tore and nearly spoilt three rooms, — and called it sport. Most of the inhabitants were aroused by [it]. It beats for atrocity anything I ever heard in England, Scotland, Ireland or in [any] part of America. Its baseness, meanness, and cowardice, its disgracefullness, is enough to dishonor the name of everything that partakes of the name of a college. The culprit richly merits a thick coat of tar and feathers and to be whipped at the cart's tail out of Cambridge; instead of the honors of College, nothing but dishonor and black disgrace should stick to him wherever he attempted to lurk."

October 12, 1842. "Very serene weather; and as yet I have seen no ice. Wind rather too high for a pleasant walk over the Common to the new and commodious reading room, formerly the bar-room of the tavern; now the resting or stopping place of the stage between Boston and Cambridge, or rather Watertown and Lancaster. Nothing can be finer than this weather. I miss my brother, the Rev. Dr. Ware, since his removal."

I will close by reading his last entry, which he made April 14, 1844, when he was just past ninety years old. Throughout the Journal from time to time he searches his life and his conscience and his heart, after the fashion of a man inherently religious. Now he says:

"All the seed which I myself have thrown broad-cast has not all *rotted* in the ground. Some of my feeble efforts must have prospered, even at this late hour of my day. Some very useful things would probably never have existed or been postponed to a late and chilling distance of time, but for my exertions. I cut the claws and wings of small pox, & in the venerable Dr. Sawyer's opinion uprooted if not destroyed several contagious disorders. . . . I am not, I hope, a boaster, but I have done my part. Perhaps the love of fame may have had its full share in [this]. . . . This passion must not be too severely condemned. It is the food, the *wholesome* food, of diffusing *blessings* throughout the land. The Bible teaches throughout *the Love of Praise.* Deprive men of it and you *hamstring* them. He who indulges honest industry is a Patriot, and a true patriot is a *Nobleman*, and ought to be honored. I wish we had more of them."

At the conclusion of Mr. Thayer's paper, the meeting was dissolved.

THE FIFTEENTH MEETING

THE FIFTEENTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-seventh day of April, nineteen hundred and nine, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT presided.

The meeting was open to the public.

Among the invited guests were many persons prominent in literature, science, and public life, and about one hundred physicians who were graduated from the Harvard Medical School during the years eighteen hundred and forty-seven to eighteen hundred and seventy-two, when Dr. Holmes was a Professor in its faculty. There was also present Edward Jackson Holmes, Esquire, the only living grandchild of the poet.

The printed programme was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

Music by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

OPENING REMARKS . . . . . RICHARD HENRY DANA.

ADDRESS . . . . . The Chairman, CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

ADDRESS . . . . . THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

MUSIC . . . . . THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB.

"Union and Liberty" . . . . . *Francis Boott.*

Words by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Angel of Peace"

Words by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, for the National Peace Festival.

ADDRESS . . . . . DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER.

ADDRESS . . . . . EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.

READING . . . . . CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.

"The Last Leaf"

"The Chambered Nautilus"

ADDRESS . . . . . SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS.

A HOLMES CENTENARY EXHIBITION of rare editions, manuscripts, and other memorabilia will be open free to the public in the Cambridge Room of the Cambridge Public Library, Broadway, Cambridge, each day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. of the week beginning April 28th, 1909.

REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ITS GUESTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One hundred years ago there was what has since proved to have been a remarkable year, in that within its twelve months were born eight great men, Poe, Mendelssohn, Lincoln, Darwin, Chopin, Tennyson, Holmes, and Gladstone. Of these, the Cambridge Historical Society claims the duty and privilege of celebrating the centenary of Oliver Wendell Holmes; and the charter of this right is found in his own writings in the poem "Parson Turell's Legacy":

> "Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.—
> Born there? Don't say so! I was, too."

That this is our Cambridge, you can all readily see from the lines that follow the description of the gambrel-roof house, now no more, having given way to Harvard athletics:

> "Nicest place that ever was seen,—
> Colleges red and Common green,
> Sidewalks brownish, with trees between;
> Sweetest spot beneath the skies,
> When the canker worms don't rise,—
> When the dust, that sometimes flies
> Into your mouth and ears and eyes,
> In a quiet slumber lies,
> *Not* in the shape of unbaked pies
> Such as barefoot children prize."

The identification is complete, for the browntail and gypsy moths, unmentioned in the poem, are recent importations.

Not only was Mr. Holmes born in Cambridge, in what may be called its historical centre, but he loved the place. This love he showed in his writings and his talk. Mrs. Dana and I made a point of calling on him at least once a year, sometimes driving from Manchester-by-the-Sea to "Beverly-by-the-Depot," as Mr. Holmes called it, not to be outdone in names. I don't think, in any of those calls, he failed to bring up the topic of Cambridge, — the Cambridge of the past with all the common memories, and of the present, with inquiries of our common friends; and warming to the subject, he brought out his quaintest epigrams, his keenest wit, his most picturesque descriptions. I always wished I had concealed about my person some phonograph, or a stenographer behind the door. Though I have no records of those precious words, the impression of variety, charm, and exhilaration remains.

Having then demonstrated our right to this celebration, I, as President of the Cambridge Historical Society, am now to introduce to you the Chairman of the evening, though both the Society and I have much more need that he should introduce us than that I should introduce him. In presenting him to you, I will give the sentiment that Holmes gave on another occasion, almost exactly twenty years ago: "To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old." Ladies and Gentlemen, President Charles W. Eliot.

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN, CHARLES W. ELIOT

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: You appreciate already, I am sure, from what has just now been said, that we are going to have to-night a very cheerful and joyous

celebration. None other would be fit for Dr. Holmes. He was one of the most inspiriting persons that we any of us have met, as we have gone through life. He was cheerful, gay, free, animated, and animating. His career presents an extraordinary variety of interests and achievements, as I am sure you will be reminded by the different speakers of this evening, each of whom will, in all probability, present one side of his character and his career.

It was singularly appropriate that Dr. Holmes should be born in Cambridge, in the old house which was the headquarters of the American Army besieging Boston until Washington arrived in Cambridge. It was on the doorstep of that house that one of my predecessors in the office I hold offered prayer before the detachment of troops that was proceeding to the engagement, on the next day, at Bunker Hill. He was born in a house which represented the uttermost patriotic endeavor of that day. He was born and brought up in Cambridge, and Cambridge during his boyhood and youth was the centre of a great struggle in the religious denominations. His own father was a very important actor in that struggle, long minister of the First Church of Cambridge, continuing with the seceding section of that church, and leaving to the majority of the parish the possession of the meeting-house. He was brought up at a time when all the educated men of this neighborhood were struggling with intellectual and moral problems, the problems of theological belief and of religious practices and observances; and all his subsequent thought seems to have been impregnated with this spirit of free discussion, this intense interest in some of the highest themes of human thought, and some of the most precious of all the practices of liberty. Throughout his career he was a patriot in every sense. He loved not only Cambridge but his country. He taught patriotism not only in prose but in verse. It was almost his

dearest love — the love of freedom and of the institutions which permit men to be free.

The first speaker to-night is to be one who was born in the next house to that in which Dr. Holmes was born. He has been a neighbor and comrade of Dr. Holmes through a long lifetime. He is singularly fitted to speak to you of Dr. Holmes's essential quality as exhibited in his writings, in his speech, in his glad participation in festive literary occasions; and I believe it is one of those festive occasions of which you are first to hear. I have the honor of presenting to you Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

A DINNER WITH DR. HOLMES

It is generally admitted, I believe, that there were two positions in which Dr. Holmes appeared to the greatest advantage, the medical lecture room and the literary club dinner. I have spoken somewhere else of a dinner once given by the Atlantic Club to Dr. and Mrs. Stowe under Dr. Holmes's guidance, which was well worth remembering; and I have lately fortified my own imperfect recollection of that occasion by some fuller testimony from two other guests. I will venture to offer to this audience the combined aid of two such observers, the oldest of these being Professor Longfellow and the youngest being Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, then Miss Prescott. Mr. Longfellow's memoranda, terse and expressive, as his always were, are to be found in the life of him by his brother. They stand as follows:

[July 9, 1859.] "Dined with the *Atlantic Club* at the Revere. Mrs. Stowe was there with a green wreath on her head, which I thought very becoming. Also Miss Prescott, who wrote the story 'In a Cellar.' The others were Mr. Stowe, with his patriarchal gray beard, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Underwood, Higginson, etc. One of the publishers of the Magazine is a good teller of funny stories."

This is all we have from Longfellow.

Mrs. Spofford, who was present as my guest, writes as follows:

March 10, 1909.

I am delighted if there is anything where I can be of use to you; but truly I am afraid there is very little of Dr. Holmes in my recollection of that dinner [she was then four and twenty]. I remember cutting and making my gown, since a new gown was the only wear for such a function, and then I remember no more till I found myself under my uncle Montague's convoy in a drawing-room of the Revere House, where a lady, rather lovely looking, I thought, was even earlier than I. She wore a black shawl over her black silk and lace, and flowers in her hair. For three quarters of an hour we sat there without speaking, on opposite sides of *the room.* At the end of a half hour, may be, she asked me if I knew what time it was, and I said I did n't; and then there was silence again till Mr. Lowell came in. I see him now in his nut-brown coat and I thought him beautiful, whether because of his blazing blue eyes or of his great kindness to me."

Mrs. Spofford does not here explain that the reception room for ladies was in a story above that for gentlemen, and that it was Dr. Holmes and myself who were sent upstairs to escort them down. I think she did not see Lowell till later. Dr. Holmes was the head of the entertainment, and I, as nearly or quite the youngest among the men, was perhaps the only one who knew Miss Prescott personally. I remember vividly that as we went upstairs the vivacious Autocrat said to me, "Can I venture it? Do you suppose that Mrs. Stowe disapproves of me *very much?*" he being then subject to severe criticism from the more conservative theologians. The lady was gracious, however, and seemed glad to be rescued at last from her wearisome waiting. She came downstairs wearing her green wreath which Professor Longfellow found so becoming.

It would appear from Mrs. Spofford's narrative that Mr. Lowell, as second in command, took Mrs. Stowe into the dining-room, and I remember that she went to the farther end of the table with him, while Miss Prescott found herself sitting at Dr. Holmes's right and my left.

"Opposite," she says, "were Mr. Whittier and Dr. Stowe with his vast white beard. I wonder if any of his ghostly familiars hung about him there. There were Edmund Quincy, E. P. Whipple, Frank Underwood, Mr. Wyman [John C.] and others of the magnificos, I forget whom; and at the other end were Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Longfellow. I

think Mr. Emerson was there, but am not sure. [He was not.] Mrs. Stowe had accepted the invitation on the condition that there should be no wine and Mr. Longfellow had quietly suggested that they should send to Miss Prescott's 'wine cellar' which would have been barmecidal. Mrs. Howe had been expected, but a death in her family kept her away, and Rose Terry had been asked, but did not come."

The table was very gay, as we all remembered afterwards.

"Dr. Holmes talked incessantly," Mrs. Spofford says, "not to me, for he saw it would disturb the very timid young woman beside him. Why can't I recall a word he said except the idiotic fact of his using the word *hypochondriasis!* But I suppose I was diverted from any act of memory by observation of the gesture with which he tossed back his head for his asparagus and the amazing celerity with which he ate his ice.

"Dr. Stowe was quite silent, but I heard Mr. Whittier say he wished every cathedral and every statue in the world were destroyed; but I think you and I agree that he had never perhaps seen a cathedral or, perhaps, a good statue."

Mrs. Spofford did not know the whole story of the evening in respect to the conditions placed on the guests, and here her tale must end and I must continue it myself. The thawing influence of wine was wanting at its earlier part when my neighbor on the right, Edmund Quincy, called a waiter mysteriously and giving him his glass of water waited tranquilly while it was being replenished. It came back suffused with a rosy hue. Some one else followed his example, and presently the "conscious water" was blushing at various points around the board; although I doubt whether Holmes, with water-drinkers two deep on each side of him, got really his share of the coveted beverage. If he had, it might have modified the course of his talk, for I remember that he devoted himself largely to demonstrating to Dr. Stowe that all swearing doubtless originated in the free use made by the pulpit of sacred words and phrases; while Lowell, at the other end of the table, was maintaining for Mrs. Stowe's benefit that Fielding's "Tom Jones" was the best novel ever written. This line of discussion may have been lively, but was not marked by eminent tact; and Whittier, indeed, told me afterwards that Dr. and Mrs. Stowe agreed in saying to him that while the company at the dinner was,

no doubt, distinguished, the conversation was not quite what they had been led to expect. Yet Dr. Stowe was of a kindly nature and perhaps was not seriously disturbed even when Holmes assured him that there were in Boston and Cambridge whole families not perceptibly affected by Adam's fall: as, for instance, the family of Ware. — And thus ends my story.

The Chairman: I suppose that for most of us here present Dr. Holmes was an essayist, a writer of verses, a man who excelled in witty conversation, and who put much of this wit into his writings, both prose and poetry. He seemed to us one who entertained humanity and whose chief function in life was of that sort. Now, there was an altogether different side to Dr. Holmes. His main work, for many years of his life, was teaching anatomy and physiology in the Harvard Medical School. He himself told me that this seemed to him the principal work he had done during his life. For many years he lectured five times a week for more than four months, chiefly on anatomy, but later on physiology also. This was a very serious undertaking. It involved an exact knowledge of the anatomy of all parts of the human body. He was learned in all the world's lore on that subject. He was acquainted with all the medieval, as well as the modern, knowledge. He prepared himself carefully for every day's lecture, and he also directed with exactness, and sometimes with exactingness, the work of the young men who prepared the demonstrations for his lectures. We are next to hear from one of the young men who served Dr. Holmes as demonstrator. This service was a very arduous one; for Dr. Holmes insisted on the most careful, accurate, intelligible preparation of all the specimens on which he was to lecture. In intercourse with Dr. Holmes, I have found his reminiscences on this subject the most interesting of all his conversations. He regarded himself as a pioneer in the method of teaching many of the

medical subjects with which he had to deal; and I hope you are immediately to hear of some of this pioneering work. Dr. Holmes had great sagacity in perceiving the shortcomings of medical education and medical practice. He also was very keen to see the promise of improvement, and the directions in which improvement could be hoped for. He was the first medical teacher in this country, so far as I have been able to learn, to undertake to show a medical class how to use microscopes, and to indicate to them what medicine had to learn through the use of the microscope. He once took the trouble to show me, as president of the University, what his arrangements were for giving a chance to every student in his class to look through a simple microscope at specimens which he had caused to be prepared. He was a prophet in this respect — more than a pioneer, a prophet; for now a large portion of medical teaching is given through microscopes, and many — I had almost said most — of the great medical discoveries of the last twenty years have depended on the use of the microscope, and particularly of the immersion lens. I was anxious to bring home to you this side of Dr. Holmes's work, for it is known to comparatively few of his admirers, and yet he himself regarded his medical teaching as the core of his intellectual life, and a large part of his intellectual achievement.

The next speaker was for several years Dr. Holmes's demonstrator. I present to you Dr. David Williams Cheever.

ADDRESS OF DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER

Mr. Chairman, the President and Members of the Cambridge Historical Society, my Fellow Demonstrators, my Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen: It was the privilege of my youth and my generation — a privilege denied to our sons and their generation — to enter this College when it was so

small that, as a student, I was brought into contact with full professors, headmasters, and knew them all. Edward Everett, Andrew Peabody, James Walker, Jared Sparks, Agassiz, Jeffries Wyman, Gray the botanist, Channing the merciless critic, James Russell Lowell, Longfellow, — these men, distinguished above their fellows, inspired me, taught me, controlled my life. So in the Medical School and after my graduation, with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Doctor of Medicine, Professor of Anatomy, my much loved master, I was fortunate in being in daily intercourse for eight years, as his demonstrator.

He studied medicine both here and abroad. His letters from Paris show the keen enjoyment of youth, though united to a good deal of serious attention to his professional pursuits.

In 1836 he returned to Boston, well equipped for his life work as a doctor, and having the advantages of youth, ability, a good reputation and environment. Yet his progress in his profession was slow, and while he had all the pleasures of youth, he lacked the one prize, success. He built up a moderate practice, but probably was not over-strenuous in his calling.

An early appointment in the Massachusetts General Hospital must have much benefited him, but he kept it only three years. We may doubt whether he fully carried out the course he advised to medical students: "Do not linger by the enchanted streams of literature, nor dig in the far-off fields for the hidden waters of alien sciences. The great practitioners are generally those who concentrate all their powers on their business."

His mind was more academic than practical. A poet, a writer, a wit, the drudgery of medical practice could not appeal to him as his one pursuit in life. When he uttered the witticism of "small favors (fevers) gratefully received," it may be doubted whether those who had fevers would be attracted to him as their doctor. Then also he was too sensitive for the studied impassiveness imposed on the physician by the necessity of bearing other people's burdens without faltering, for he could not endure to see a rabbit chloroformed. And yet his nature was so kindly, his aspect and address so genial, that he must have been a welcome attendant in the sick-room, and a master in the newer science of psycho-therapeusis, or mind-cure. It was much later in life that he antagonized

certain classes of believers in infinitesimal doses and in phrenology by dubbing them pseudosciences; during his earlier years nothing stood against his success but his poetical and literary tastes.

What the community lost in a doctor the world gained in a witty *causeur*, a charming essayist, poet, and ballad writer. He won the Boylston prize for a medical essay; and "Intermittent Fever in New England" still has value as a careful analysis of the evidences of malaria. Later he wrote his epoch-making paper on "The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever," which provoked a storm of acrid criticism, but struck the first keynote of asepsis. In reply to his critics these are his words: "I take no offence and attempt no retort. No man makes a quarrel with me over the counterpane that covers a mother with her new-born infant at her breast."

In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College. He lectured there three seasons, and it was a useful training-school for a wider field, for in 1847 he was appointed Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard University. He held this office for thirty-five years.

This was his life work professionally, for he no longer practised medicine. Henceforward Holmes the anatomist must be the chief subject of my remarks, and yet the poetic soul and scholarly nature of the man were so united with the professor that all these must be duly considered. How did he impress his demonstrator? Was he a hero to his assistant?

The year after his death I wrote my impressions. They were then so recent and so vivid that I cannot do better than quote from them as follows:

"It nears one o'clock, and the close work in the demonstrator's room in the old Medical School in North Grove Street becomes even more hurried and eager as the lecture hour in anatomy approaches. Four hours of busy dissection have unveiled a portion of the human frame, insensate and stark, on the demonstrating table. Muscles, nerves, and blood-vessels unfold themselves in unvarying harmony, if seeming disorder; and the 'subject' is nearly ready to illustrate the lecture. The room is thick with tobacco smoke. The winter light, snowy and dull, enters through one tall window, bare of curtain, and falls upon a lead floor. The surroundings are singularly barren of ornament or beauty, and there is naught to inspire the intellect or the imagination,

except the marvellous mechanism of the poor dead body which lies dissected before us, like some complex and delicate machinery, whose uses we seek to know.

"To such a scene enters the poet, the writer, the wit, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Few readers of his prose or poetry could dream of him, as here, in this charnel-house, in the presence of death. The very long, steep, and single flight of stairs leading up from the street below resounds with a double and labored tread; the door opens, and a small, gentle, smiling man appears, supported by the janitor, who often has been called on to help him up the stairs. Entering and giving a breathless greeting, he sinks upon a stool and strives to recover his asthmatic breath. Anon recovering, he brightens up and asks, 'What have you for me today?' and plunges, knife in hand, into the 'depths of his subject,'— a joke he might have uttered.

"Time flies, and a boisterous crowd of turbulent Bob Sawyers pours through the hall to his lecture-room, and begins a rhythmical stamping, one, two, three, and a shout, and pounding on his lecture-room doors. A rush takes place. Some collapse, some are thrown headlong, and three hundred raw students precipitate themselves into a bare and comfortless amphitheatre.

"Meanwhile the Professor has been running about, now as nimble as a cat, selecting plates, rummaging the dusty museum for specimens, arranging microscopes, and displaying bones.

"The subject is carried in on a board: no automatic appliances, no wheels with pneumatic tires, no elevators, no dumb-waiters in those days. The *cadaver* is decorously disposed on a revolving table in the small arena, and is always covered, at first, from curious eyes, by a clean white sheet. Respect for poor humanity is the first lesson, and the uppermost in the poet-lecturer's mind. He enters, and is greeted with a mighty shout and stamp of applause.

"Then silence, and there begins a charming hour of description, analogies, simile, anecdote, harmless pun, which clothes the dry bones with poetic imagery, enlivens a hard and fatiguing day with humor, and brightens to the tired listener the details of a difficult though interesting study. We say tired listener because the student is now hearing his fifth consecutive lecture that day, beginning at nine o'clock and ending at two; no pause, no rest, no recovery for the dazed senses, which have tried to absorb materia medica, chemistry, practice, obstetrics, and anatomy all in one morning, by five learned professors. One o'clock was always assigned to Dr. Holmes, because he alone could hold his exhausted audience's attention."

As a lecturer he was accurate, punctual, precise, unvarying in patience over detail; and, though not an original anatomist in the sense of a discoverer, yet a most exact descriptive lecturer; while the wealth of illustration, comparison, and simile used was unequalled. Hence his charm; you received information and you were amused at the same time. He was always simple and rudimentary in his instruction. His flights of fancy never shot over his hearers' heads. "Iteration and reiteration" was his favorite motto in teaching. "These, gentlemen," he said on one occasion, pointing out the lower portion of the pelvic bones, "are the tuberosities of the ischia, on which man was designed to sit and survey the works of creation." But if witty, he could also be serious and pathetic, and he possessed the high power of holding and controlling his rough audience.

And how he loved anatomy! as a mother her child. He was never tired, always fresh, always eager in learning and teaching it. In earnest himself, enthusiastic, and of a happy temperament, he shed the glow of his ardent spirit over his followers, and gave to me, his demonstrator and assistant, some of the most attractive and happy hours of my life.

He was very fond of old books. His folios of Albinus, Vesalius, Mascagni, with their wonderful steel engravings of dissections, were to him choice morsels, to be sparingly exhibited and closely guarded.

Next to Dr. Chadwick, our late librarian, Dr. Holmes was the promoter of our Boston Medical Library. He was for many years its president, and he bequeathed his anatomical library to it, besides aiding it by memorable addresses.

Before his great success as a writer for the "Atlantic Monthly," he eked out a living by giving lyceum lectures all over New England, and he brought back a fresh attack of his hereditary enemy, asthma, from every cold bedroom he occupied. The emoluments of his professorship were moderate, and feeling that he needed them, he was timid about any change which might reduce the class and his necessary fees.

Yet he was heartily in sympathy with all progress, and he ultimately indorsed every new movement. In the vexed question of the admission of women to the Medical School he deprecated co-

education, and, above all, co-education in anatomy; and he insisted that if he taught women it should be in "lectures to women only," and never to the two sexes in one class.

He was a great sceptic of the effects of medicine; so were Sir John Forbes, Jacob Bigelow, and Cotting, his contemporaries. It was the spirit of the times, what I call the era of "therapeutic nihilism," — of expectant medicine, which waited on nature, but sometimes waited too long. Medicine was not then the science it is now becoming by discoveries in microscopy, pathology, and by animal experimentation. And as surgery had not yet cleared my vision, as a young practitioner, I was floundering in a sea of doubts as to the benefits of any medical treatment of disease, and was almost tempted to throw up my profession.

Yet Dr. Holmes was no mean microscopist. He used the instrument in his lectures, relied on it, and made some mechanical improvements in it and some discoveries.

He was patriotic at a personal sacrifice; and that quality, kindled by a righteous wrath against oppression, led him to be a fervent Northern Union man in our Civil War.

How analyze such a character and personality? First of all, and above all, a poetic temperament; verse, rhythm, musical sequence, sympathy, tenderness, pathos were enlivened by wit, geniality, personal charm. He was a *raconteur* and conversationalist, most welcome in any social gathering.

His facility of expression and ease of style made his prose writings attractive and his novels readable. But it was in his printed Talks that he found the largest audience of admirers. A lyric poet resembling Burns, Whittier, and Wordsworth, if not to be classed with the great poets of history, he yet will live in many of his charming verses.

Are there no flaws in the crystal? Yes, but pardonable ones. He had a fair share of self-esteem, but I conceive that quality to be not only endurable, but even praiseworthy, if based on real ability. He was sometimes possessed by the tyranny of monologue. He wanted the field of conversation to himself. He filled it better than others, but sometimes excluded others. He was witty, but rarely sarcastic. The arrows of his wit were not poisoned; they left no fatal sting.

A short time before his death I went to see him, and he fell to talking of his bodily condition. He said he was short-breathed, somewhat hard of hearing, but his sight was good, and added, "When Nature is ready to shut up shop, she kindly puts up the shutters, one by one."

The medical profession is indebted to Dr. Holmes for many outspoken public utterances in its behalf. He was our poet-doctor; witty over our failings, but whole-souled in sympathy with our trials. He appreciated the almost sacred character of our duties; witness these four verses from his poem:

"As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen;
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

"One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll
'Our glory is to slay.'

"One moves in silence by the stream
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

"Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
'Our duty is to save.'"

The Chairman: Dr. Cheever has set before us this serious, incessant labor of Dr. Holmes's life. He has told you how Dr. Holmes contended for years against ridicule, against eager denunciation from doctors of high standing, when he maintained that puerperal fever was carried from patient to patient by the visiting physician. It is a great happiness for us all that Dr. Holmes lived to see his teaching absolutely proved through the progress of bacteriology and the general advancement of our knowledge of contagion and the means of resisting the transmission of disease. He lived

to see these life-saving teachings of his middle life proved absolutely correct.

I was reading, a few days ago, an address by Dr. Holmes before the graduating medical class more than forty years ago, and in that paper I observed another instance of Dr. Holmes's penetration and foresight with regard to what was coming in the treatment of disease. He mentioned with approbation a remark of a distinguished English physician that one of the chief causes of the terrible mortality of tuberculosis was sleeping in foul air, and disregarding the need of fresh air for the diseased person. There was an indication in this citation of the present treatment of tuberculosis, and Dr. Holmes had perceived the force of this indication, and pressed it in this address given more than forty years ago.

But we must not dwell too much upon this most serious and laborious side of Dr. Holmes's career. It was to him, as I have said, the core of his service, the core of his intellectual life. But he illumined that, as Dr. Cheever has shown, with many brilliant touches of poetry, humor, and wit, and I think our next speaker is going to carry us on to this bright side of Dr. Holmes's work.

Dr. Emerson was a pupil of Dr. Holmes. He had the privilege of seeing him as medical students saw him. And, moreover, Dr. Emerson had an hereditary knowledge of the remarkable group of poets and literary men with whom Dr. Holmes associated for many years of his long life. Dr. Cheever alluded, just now, to a certain quality of Dr. Holmes which some people were disposed to smile at, to a certain satisfaction with his own conversation, — to a certain pleasure he had in listening to his own discourse. I have seen him giving a graduating address to a Dental Class, when, as he looked ahead on his manuscript, and saw a joke coming, he was so delighted with the joke he had not uttered

that he laughed so that he could not read on. Then the audience knew there was something good coming. One afternoon at the Saturday Club I was sitting beside Dr. Holmes, and mentioned to him that an English gentleman had been at my house that morning who had said that Dr. Holmes was more read in England than any other American author. Dr. Holmes did n't quite hear what I said, — he was already a little hard of hearing, — and he stooped forward to me and said, "What was that? What did you say? Repeat that. You know I like it laid on thick." There was something charming about these very qualities in Dr. Holmes; they were so frank, so simple, so merry. I present to you our next speaker, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

ADDRESS OF EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Cambridge Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: Dr. Cheever has admirably told of Dr. Holmes as physician, as professor, and as writer on medical subjects. In all these functions he was his esteemed colleague. I had the fortune to be one of the throng that sat on the benches of the old Medical School during the latter years of his teaching, and, later, the honor of meeting him as inherited friend at the Saturday Club, and once or twice at his home. My best service will be to give some recollections and quotations, but it is not easy to marshal in order due my short procession.

From sixty-two to twenty-seven years ago, both staircases leading to the anatomical lecture-room of the old Harvard Medical School were daily packed with struggling youths, and when the bolts were drawn it was as if a dam had burst and a torrent poured down the steep amphitheatre and flooded its seats. Such a sight was seen at no other lecture. It was not only due to Dr. Holmes's exact technical knowledge and thorough demonstration of the dissection of the day, for the idlest and rudest students eagerly attended.

To his title, "Professor of Anatomy and Physiology," might well

have been added "and the Humanities." He divested the cast-off human chrysalis of all gruesome associations, treated it reverently, summoned the old Masters of Anatomy, Albinus, and the rest, and its martyr too, Vesalius, to counsel, but never forgot to praise the good work of his assistant and the young prosectors. His illustrations were poetic, his similes most fortunate, and the lecture, though conversational, was a rhetorical masterpiece.

And the word passed among the young barbarians that this man had written a book, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which they presently got, and read, and lent, — very likely their first improving book, — a liberal education in itself, betraying them by its sparkling shallows into deeper basins wherein perchance they learned to swim, or could flounder through till they felt firm bottom again.

Dr. Holmes was Professor of Physiology, too, the last to teach in the didactic way — he welcomed the laboratory method, when it came in younger hands, always provided that experiments were done under anesthetics — but none the less the instruction was valuable, and always civilizing. Ancient and modern literature, mechanics, optics (he was one of the first apostles of the microscope with its beautiful and helpful revelations), psychology, behavior, humanity, religion, found place in his instruction, yet he had a sense of proportion and subordinated them. He knew, too, when to resign his professorship in the Medical School.

No question could remain in any student's mind whether the Doctor loved his teaching. We could see how he enjoyed the perfect service of his faithful hand-maiden, Memory, secure in her prompting as to the complicated branches of each artery and the wonderful district-service of the nerves, and the Latin names of each. He never had notes to help him. We were narcotized with bad air, but he made it his business to make learning so entertaining, and startle flagging attention by some surprising remark, that one could n't go to sleep. Though with amusing lapses from professional dignity, he never lost the respect of his audience. Dr. Dwight, his successor, says that Dr. Holmes chose to speak rather to the lower half of his class, humanely feeling that it was better to help them, as most in need. It was a lift to their character as well as their knowledge of structure.

The grafting of medicine on to a Puritan clerical stock, the repotting into the conservatory of Paris, the transplantation after several years of vigorous culture back to the native soil, gave a wonderfully successful hybrid, — a small, hardy perennial, not notably medicinal, yet a good test of medicine, blossoming singularly and sometimes beautifully, and bearing sweet, wholesome, and spicy fruit.

Miss Mitford's description of Dr. Holmes in 1851 is good:

> "A small, compact little man, the delight and ornament of every society he enters, buzzing about like a bee, or fluttering like a humming bird, exceedingly difficult to catch, unless he be really wanted for some kind act — *then you are sure of him.*"

The Hub was world enough for him, as London was for Johnson, and Concord for Thoreau, and he did it justice and justified it. Partly because of his utter love for it, partly because his asthma made it unsafe for him to sleep away from home, he almost never roamed. I think he never saw nor had any conception of the great West, with its new ambitions, cravings for vast elbow-room, and its aversion, having set its hand to the prairie-plough, to look back to the sweet associations of the Past.

Those not born on the banks of the Charles, and who find that their preceding generations will not fulfil the numerical conditions that the good Doctor requires for recognition as belonging to the Brahmin Caste, may naturally chafe or laugh at his limitations, but if they read his book through they will easily pardon them, "because he loved much," and learn to love him. They may have heard the rumor that even Saint Peter is reported to have said aside to a good Boston man as he passed him in to Heaven, "You won't like it!"

Well, seated on the Hub then, — he might have had a worse chair, — this charming and frankly avowed egotist — the reproach of the name being neutralized by the size of his heart and the humanity and culture of his mind — proceeded on a university-extension and home-culture plan as Autocrat, Professor, and Poet, to ameliorate the world. He accomplished much.

I have said that Dr. Holmes knew when it was time for him to resign his place at the Medical School when the lift of a new gen-

eration was beginning to transform it, yet opportunities for wider use had been opened to him; called to help out a literary venture, he created there a chair, with thousands in America and Europe on the benches.

When pestered beyond his usual courteous tolerance by a lady correspondent from California, he wrote to a friend, "If she doesn't jump into the Pacific, I shall have to leap into the Atlantic — I mean the original damp spot so called." Perhaps not thus driven, but lured in by his friend Lowell's persuasion, Dr. Holmes soon found himself indeed suddenly immersed in the Atlantic — the Monthly this time — and no one can doubt that he enjoyed it, and alike his sport and his stout swimming delighted the on-looking multitude.

"If a man loves the city, so will his writings love the city, and if a man loves sweet fern and roams much in the pastures, his writings will smell of it," said another poet. I once submitted to Dr. Holmes various fragments of verse left by my father, questioning whether to include them in a posthumous edition of the Poems. His want of response to lines that showed happily close observation of nature was curious, and his awakened interest in any classical allusion or form recalling Pope or Dryden. Later, while he was writing the Memoir, it was pleasing to see his daily increasing interest in the verses, with which he had evidently not been familiar before, and one of his best chapters dealt with the poet. Yet Dr. Holmes, throwing off classical bonds, has dealt with flowers as freshly as anybody, as in the "Two Armies":

> "For them the blossom-sprinkled turf
> Which floods the lonely grave,
> When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
> In flowery-foaming waves."

Dr. Holmes was ingenuous as a child, soft-hearted and singularly impressionable. I remember well his telling of the haunting terror which followed him as a child after reading "Pilgrim's Progress," and the horror he expressed at the putting such books into the hands of imaginative children. Chivalrous and sympathetic with regard to women, he everywhere recognizes the delicacy of their organization, and cautions the coarser sex, in the words of

the French toymakers, "*Il faut ne pas brutalizer la machine.*" He bade the doctor (or nurse), impatient of neurotic men or hysterical women, remember George Herbert's ideal man,

> "Who, when he hath to deal
> With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
> Allows for that and keeps his constant way;
> Whom others' faults do not defeat,
> But, though men fail him, yet his part doth play."

Mercury, a patron of physicians, bore a magic caduceus; Æsculapius, a spear with a healing butt. Dr. Holmes carried both weapons, tested with the one, and, as stoutly as St. George himself, thrust his spear — a ray of science and humanity — into cruelty and hypocrisy wherever it appeared, though clothed with the priest's or doctor's robe. Mock miracles, inhuman doctrines, he loathed, as the philosopher and poet should, and he was both.

As he did not spare his own profession, so he allowed no "benefit of clergy" to shield the doctor of the soul from his formidable wit or wrath, if, in intelligence or virtue, he did shame to his cloth. His delightful simile of the spirited persecution by the little kingbird of the black-robed crow well described his own course. Especially did he deride the violent and vain struggle of the narrow clergy to blind themselves and their flocks against the light of Science. What could be neater than this parable?

> "As feeble seabirds, blinded by the storms,
> On some tall lighthouse dash their little forms,
> And the rude granite smashes for their pains
> Those small deposits that were meant for brains,
> Yet the proud fabric in the morning sun
> Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;
> Gleams from afar, all heedless of the fleet
> Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.
> I tell their fate, yet courtesy disclaims
> To call mankind by such ungentle names;
> Yet when to emulate their course ye dare,
> Think of their doom, ye simple, and *beware!*"

I think it was in connection with the shock that the clergy experienced when Darwin's doctrine of evolution was first announced that Dr. Holmes most happily utilized the story told in

the Acts of the Apostles of the letting down from Heaven before the startled Peter, in a vision, of a sheet gathered at the corners, in which he saw beasts of all kinds, clean and unclean, and the divine bidding came to him, "Kill and eat." The shocked Apostle drew back, exclaiming, "Not so, Lord, for nothing common or unclean hath at any time entered into my mouth." But the voice of the great Creator came, sternly superseding the Mosaic Law, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

The Doctor's wit was admirable, and he seldom let it run away with him. His singular skill in running over the thin ice of subjects not usually allowed in general conversation was temptation to him, but he usually accomplished it brilliantly. His literary armory was full of shining weapons wrought by him from physiological and even pathological material. May I be pardoned, for its wit's sake, for recalling some of his extraordinary rhetoric in the lectures?

What could be happier as a simile than, when enumerating the advances in medical science, he speaks of the value of Pathological Anatomy, and admits that the individual examined is not benefited thereby, adding, "But, after all, it is a good deal like inspecting what remains of the fireworks on the 5th of July." When describing the regulation of the circulation of the skin through the action of the vaso-motor nerves on the arterioles in sudden fear, constricting them, and producing pallor, or, through inhibitory action, suddenly relaxing, and filling the surface capillaries with red blood, he cheerfully added, "That pleasing phenomenon which some of you may witness on the cheek of that young person whom you expect to visit this evening."

Alluding to the shortening of the face in age by the loss of teeth and absorption of their sockets, he said, "You have, no doubt, noticed the extraordinary way in which elderly people will suddenly shut up their faces like an accordion"; and, praising the modern dentists for their skilful repairing of the ravages of time, he said, "Had your art been thus perfected in the last century, we should not see the Father of his Country, in Stuart's portrait, with attention divided between the cares of State and the sustaining his uppers in position."

His poems often show, what he would have delighted to demon-

strate, that the facial muscles with which we laugh and cry lie side by side.

Once on a college occasion — could it have been here? — some one praised the address. Dr. Holmes answered: "Yes, the speech was good, but the speaker such an unpleasant person! He 's just one of those fungi that always grow upon universities."

The doctor's wit lightened the hour, but it fixed the point illustrated in the student's mind. But there was another side. He was a poet-anatomist, a poet-physiologist, and a poet-microscopist. To the success in making the microscope achromatic, the victories of modern histology are due. Hear how the Doctor presents the matter: "Up to the time of the living generation, Nature had kept over all her inner workshops the forbidding inscription, NO ADMITTANCE. If any prying observer ventured to spy through his magnifying tubes into the mysteries of her glands and canals and fluids, she covered up her work in blinding mists and bewildering haloes, as the deities of old concealed their favored heroes in the moment of danger." See in what follows how, even in inspection of the organs of perished mortality, he follows the Creator's mandate to Peter and makes a poem of Creation out of the poor dust: "Cells pave the great highways of the interior system. . . . The soul itself sits on a throne of nucleated cells and flashes its mandates through skeins of glassy filaments which once were simple chains of vesicles."

But he was ever able to look macroscopically as well. He recalled to proud man the limitations of his knowledge thus: "But beyond the mechanical facts, all is mystery in the movements of organization as profound as the fall of a stone, or the formation of a crystal."

Dr. Holmes was naturally the Autocrat, but was quite aware of the humor of the situation. His egotism was guileless and offset by a charming humility at times. His candor was like that of an innocent child. "I am intensely interested in my own personality," he said to Mrs. Fields; "but we are all interesting to ourselves, or ought to be. I *know* I am, and I see why. We take, as it were, a mould of our own thoughts. Now let us compare it with the mould of another man on the same subject. His mould is either too large or too small, or the veins and reticulation are

altogether different. No one mould fits another man's thought. It is our own, and as such has especial interest and value."

"I have talked too much," he often said with sincere penitence, as he rose from the table; "I wanted to hear what our guest had to say." The guest, I think, was usually quite content. The Doctor did not absolutely hold the floor, he wanted *conversation that contributed to his thought.* "Talk," said Holmes to Mr. Leslie Stephen, "is to me only spading up the ground for crops of thought." Meeting Hawthorne, who had lately been induced to join the Saturday Club, at Mr. Fields's house one day at lunch, the Doctor said, "I wish you would come to Club oftener." "I should like to," said Hawthorne, "but I can't drink." "Neither can I." "Well, but I can't eat." "Nevertheless, we should like to see you." "But I can't talk, either." "You can listen, though," said Dr. Holmes, "and I wish you would come." Of course he wanted an audience. It was his right to have one.

It has been said by a friend that he was not altruistic. True, but in his own ways he was an active helper of mankind, civilizing, then advancing the knowledge of hearers and readers, in a brilliant, cheery way — making them remember.

How happily his literary gift gilded and spiced the pills which he rather enjoyed giving to the profession — because they would do them good; and they worked as good tonics.

But one great service must by no means be forgotten. How many a young mother has been saved to her husband and children because of the courage, the determination and ability with which the young Dr. Holmes insisted, in the face of fierce opposition by the learned doctors and eminent professors, that the deadly poison of child-bed fever can be carried by the physician to new cases. And we of the older generation cannot forget how, in the dark disappointments of the second year of the Civil War, — a war which struck into his own home, — his appeal stirred the young men whose sacrifice is commemorated in this hall to flock to the threatened standard.

> "Listen, young heroes, your Country is calling!
> Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
> Now, while the bravest are fighting and falling,
> Fill up the ranks which have opened for you!
>
> . . . . . .

"Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
Now is the day and the hour of Salvation.
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

"Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

"From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth, —
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth,

"From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battlefield's plough,
Comes the loud summons; too long ye have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump. — Never or now!"

Dr. Holmes, still young in spirit, but gentler, took the coming on of old age with sweetness and with a physiological interest. At a dinner of the Saturday Club not long after the death of his wife, Dr. Holmes, then President, sat at the head of the long table, and Judge Hoar at the other end. As the company broke up, the Judge came to speak with the Doctor, who called him to account as not having properly acknowledged a glass of champagne that he had sent to him. The Judge maintained that he had duly gone through all the forms, and Dr. Holmes was obliged to admit failing sight. He then spoke pleasantly to the Judge about his Golden Wedding, just celebrated, becoming much moved as he said, "I had hoped that that pleasure would come to me — to live with my wife until then — *that sets the seal*," and his voice trembled.

Cambridge, Harvard, Boston, our Country, the civilized world shall long and gratefully remember him, — helpful doctor, versatile, ingenious writer, brilliant, with a wit keen but sweet-tempered, — good, sincere, human man.

The Chairman: The last address of the evening will dwell upon some of Dr. Holmes's most effective and most admirable prose. I present to you a brother essayist, Mr. Crothers.

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Cambridge Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: Most occasions like this become too solemn, from our thought of the passage of time. But we can't think in that way anything connected with Dr. Holmes. His whimsical fancy was always going into the future, picturing what was to happen then, and thinking somewhat as to whether people would remember it. Years ago he wrote about the possibility of return to scenes he loved so well, finding out what was going on. And there were certain questions which he asked, — "what is the prevalent religion of the civilization, — do men fly yet, — has the universal language come in, — is the Daily Advertiser still published, and the Evening Transcript." These matters being satisfactorily settled, he asks more modestly the further question, "— is there much inquiry now for the works of a writer of the nineteenth century by the name of, — whose works was I going to question him about, — oh, the writings of a friend of mine much esteemed by his relations. But, after all, it is of no consequence. I think he says he does n't care for posthumous reputation."

Whether Dr. Holmes cared for such reputation or not, it has certainly come, and it is likely to be lasting. I shall confine myself simply to Dr. Holmes as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, for it is thus that he is most likely to be remembered. There are several things which make the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table memorable in our American literature. For one thing, it is distinctly American, and it has the good fortune to portray a very definite type of American life. Irving's Geoffrey Crayon was only the English Mr. Spectator translated and transplanted to America. The leisurely comment of an elderly man about town was more adapted to London than to the New York of that period, and the whole conception was distinctly imitative. But Dr. Holmes hit upon an original idea. He hit upon a situation and a character distinctly American. Let Philosophy come down from the heights and take up her abode, — and where, pray, but in a Boston boarding-house? Let there be a nervous landlady, and an opinionated old gentleman ready to be displeased, — and a timid school-mistress,

— and a divinity student who wants to know, — and a poet, — and an angular female in black bombazine, — and let there be a young fellow called John, who cares for none of these things. Then let joy be unconfined. So manage that these free-born American citizens shall be talked at by one of their fellow boarders who has usurped the authority of speech. The philosophical historian of the future may well picture the New England of the nineteenth century under the symbolism of the Autocrat and his boarding-house. You can't understand one without the other. In Europe different streams of culture flow side by side without mingling. One man belongs to the world of art; another to the world of politics; another to the world of business. And each sphere has its well-recognized boundaries and its respective conventions. Matthew Arnold advises the inherited ideal, — it is that of one who, in the society which he has chosen, is not compelled to note all the fever of some differing soul. Now in America, to note the fever of some differing soul is part of the fun. We like to use the clinical thermometer and take each other's temperature. We don't think of ourselves as belonging to an intellectual realm where every man's house is his castle. We are all boarders together. There are no gradations of rank. Nobody sits below the salt. Nobody thinks it proper to be seen and not heard. We all sit down together and have it out. We listen to the Autocrat as long as we think he talks sense. And then, when he gets beyond our depth, we push back our chairs somewhat noisily and go about our business. And the young fellow named John is one of the most important persons at the table. The Autocrat would think it his greatest triumph if he could, by all his wisdom, make the slightest impression on that imperturbable individual.

The first sentence of the Autocrat strikes the keynote of it all. "I was just going to say when I was interrupted." There you have the American philosopher at his best. Here you see the American philosopher exercising his trade under the conditions which he is allowed in the republic. He is allowed to dispense wisdom and is graciously permitted to discourse to his fellow citizens on the good, the true, and the beautiful, but he must be mighty quick about it.

We must remember, in order to get the full humor of Dr. Holmes, and the picture which he gives of the time, that the "Chambered

Nautilus" was read to the clatter of the dishes, and always we hear the side comment of the lady in black bombazine. She, and the young fellow named John, are very important people to the philosopher. And it is one of the things by which the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" will be remembered for its historic value, that it lets us into that state of mind which was Boston. We must remember that in the middle of the nineteenth century it would have been flat treason to have declared that Boston is not the finest city in the world. Dr. Holmes, with pleasant and kindly satire, — satire mixed, as all the best satire should be, with real admiration, — pictures the Boston of his time, — not the great, cosmopolitan Boston with which we are beginning to be familiar, but the Boston which was the lineal descendant of the early Puritans who sought these shores. That state of mind was described before these people came to this country, at the time when the first settlers of Massachusetts were just beginning to come from England. A Scotch Presbyterian named Bailey studied them at home, and he said of the Puritans, who were just about to sail to the westward, "They are a people inclinable to singularities. They love to differ from all the world, and shortly, from themselves. No people," said Bailey, "has more need of a presbytery." It was in these singularities, the finer and the less fine singularities, which Dr. Holmes delighted. "I value a man," said the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, "mainly for his primary relation with truth, as I understand truth." Such an assertion of independent judgment could not fail to awaken other independent boarders to strenuous opposition. "The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his forefoot, at the expression, — 'his relation with truth, as I understand truth,' and when I had done, sniffed audibly, and said that I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him. Precisely so," I replied; "common sense as you understand common sense." Here we are let into that discussion which had gone on without intermission since the days when old Blackstone settled on the rocky peninsula on the mouth of the Charles in order to get into primary relation with truth, as he understood it, and had his peace disturbed by the influx of certain persons from Salem who came over to the same place with the purpose of getting into primary relation with truth as they understood it. In Sunday

preachments, on Thursday lectures, in councils, in town meetings, in lecture halls and drawing-rooms, that discussion has gone on ever since. Mistress Ann Hutchinson on that spot got into primary relations with truth as she understood it. So did Margaret Fuller, and so has Mrs. Eddy. Never has any one who has done this lacked followers in the good old town, and never has any such a one lacked candid critics. So long as there is the delight in the keen give and take, the thrust and counterthrust of opinion, that state of mind which is Boston will be recognized, and if it should ever fail, men can find it in its perfection by turning back to the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Dr. Holmes delighted in it himself. Speaking of one of the opinionated boarders, he says that he liked him because he has good, solid, old prejudices that one can rub up against. And so one can get up a superficial intellectual irritation, just as the cattle rub their backs against a rail.

But the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," including therein all that belong to it, the poet and the professor, will always have another reason for being read and being loved. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is easy reading. But it was n't easy writing. It was the distilled wisdom and insight of a mature mind. And there are sentences there which go to the very quick, — which touch the very truth which men have sought long and painfully. It was n't easy writing. Easy writing does n't live long. The best warning, it seems to me, to the fluent writer is that which he will find in the directions upon his fountain pen, — "If the pen flows too freely, it is because it is nearly empty and should be filled." In many an analogy, in many a swift, keen sentence, Dr. Holmes justifies that old definition of wit, which has been given, — wit is quick wisdom.

And lastly, it seems to me that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" will live long because, after all, there is serious meaning and serious purpose behind it. Said Heine, "I do not wish to be remembered as a poet, but as a soldier in the great war for the liberation of humanity."

Such was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, — not given very much to political discussion, — not yet in the thick of our modern social problems. He did fight as a soldier in the battle for the liberation

of humanity. He would liberate religion from bigotry. He would liberate scholarship from pedantry. And I think, in the educated world particularly, he will thus be remembered as a prophet of the future, as setting up an ideal of the educated man which more and more must be seen to be the true ideal. He lived at a time when old classical education, with its insistence on the humanities, was giving way to the new scientific ideal of education. And Dr. Holmes mediated between the two. He stood on the one side as a man of science, for the virtues of the new scientific order. He saw very clearly the possibility of a new pedantry of science, just as there was an old pedantry of the classics. The Poet at the Breakfast Table is a treatise on education. The two characters there are the narrow specialist who sees nothing beyond his specialty, and the master, the man who knows not only how to specialize but how to generalize. Dr. Holmes's theory of the intellectual life is summed up by showing that there are three kinds of intellectual men. There is the one-story intellect, the two-story intellect, and the three-story intellect with a skylight. All fact collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict, and their best illumination comes from above, through a skylight. Dr. Holmes stands in that great army of men who saw the possibility of a full and perfect union of the scientific and humanistic culture. It was the same which Wordsworth before his day prophesied, — the time that shall come in fuller culture when

> Science then
> Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
> And only then, be worthy of her name,
> For then her heart shall kindle, her dull eye,
> Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
> Chained to its object in brute slavery;
> But taught with patient interest to watch
> The processes of things, and serve the cause
> Of order and distinctness, not for this
> Shall it forget that its most noble use,
> Its most illustrious province, must be found
> In furnishing clear guidance a support
> Not treacherous to the mind's excursive power.

Dr. Holmes blended in his own mind these things, — a man of scientific training, of scientific ardor, who used his science to heighten and to brighten the excursive powers of the human mind.

The Chairman: Our commemoration of Dr. Holmes has been thoroughly cheerful, hopeful, and expectant of a great future for this dear friend of ours. Once at the Saturday Club, whose meetings he loved so dearly, Dr. Holmes said to me, "One of the greatest pleasures in life, as I have experienced life, is frequent contact with men of intellectual force who have a cheerful and hopeful spirit and some power of expression." Now we all realize that many generations of reading and thinking people are to have just this pleasure from intellectual contact with the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Cambridge Historical Society's commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth is ended.

THE SIXTEENTH MEETING

BEING THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE SIXTEENTH MEETING, being the Fifth Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the Twenty-sixth day of October, nineteen hundred and nine, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

The following persons were chosen a committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY, FRANKLIN PERRIN, and STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES.

On behalf of the Council, MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI submitted its Annual Report, as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

OUR By-Laws require that the Council should make a report at the Annual Meeting. By an unwritten law this report is made by the members of the Council in rotation. This is why I come before you to-night, not from any choice of my own; the honor has been thrust upon me most unexpectedly, for I really thought that the representation of this body was a masculine prerogative.

The Council has held five meetings at 44 Garden Street, the house of the Secretary, and one at the Latin School.

The Society has held three meetings: the first at the Latin School, on October 27, 1908, when a paper was read, written by Miss Ellen S. Bulfinch from documents in her possession, describing most vividly the old Tudor House, that once stood near Fresh Pond. Hollis R. Bailey, Esq., also read a paper entitled "Gleanings

from the Record of the First Church in Cambridge." At the regular Winter meeting, January 26, 1909, also held in the Latin School, two documents belonging to Miss Susanna Willard were read, — one a letter, written in 1728, to the Rev. Nathaniel Gilman, of Exeter, New Hampshire, by Rev. John Seccomb, then studying divinity here; the other an agreement made by the town and church of Concord, Massachusetts, in 1653, to give yearly five pounds sterling for the use of the College at Cambridge.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to one of the old-time physicians of Cambridge, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse. Mr. William Coolidge Lane spoke of Dr. Waterhouse especially in connection with Harvard, and read letters, now in the College library, written by him to the Corporation and others, throwing light on his character. Mr. William Roscoe Thayer gave a brief account of the early life of Dr. Waterhouse and read from the doctor's diary comments on Cambridge, the College, and the prominent men of the early part of the ninteenth century.

Our Spring meeting took the form of a centenary celebration once more, this time in honor of our Cambridge-born poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D. On April 27, 1909, Sanders Theatre was filled to overflowing by an attentive audience, many of whom stood during the entire evening.

The chairman of the meeting, President Charles William Eliot, was introduced in a few happy words by our President, Richard H. Dana, Esq. On the platform, besides the members of the Council, and the professors of the University, there were seated one hundred doctors, from Boston and the neighborhood, graduates of the Harvard Medical School during the time that Dr. Holmes was professor there. They followed the speakers with the keenest interest, often nodding their approval or applauding, as some familiar trait of their old teacher was alluded to; the grandson of the poet, Edward Jackson Holmes, was also present.

The first speaker, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, gave anecdotes illustrating the social side of Dr. Holmes's character. Two songs, the words of which were written by Dr. Holmes, "Union and Liberty" and "The Angel of Peace," were sung by the Harvard Glee Club. The instrumental music was furnished by the orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

Professor David Williams Cheever, both student and assistant under Dr. Holmes, gave a vivid word picture of the professor as he appeared in the lecture room. He was followed by Edward Waldo Emerson, M.D., a personal friend of the poet, who spoke of his recollections of his father's friend and his teacher. Charles Townsend Copeland read "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus."

The meeting closed with the address of Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers, who brought before us in a masterly manner the humorist and Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. In connection with the centenary an exhibition was held in the Cambridge Public Library under the charge of our curator, Mr. Clarence W. Ayer. Here were shown many personal relics of Dr. Holmes and a large number of books which displayed the versatility of the man, — poet, humorist, physician, teacher, and inventor.

We all know how much Professor Charles Eliot Norton thought of the giving of the Longfellow medal to the schoolchildren of Cambridge, and the Council would suggest that the attention of children eligible to this competition should be called to the conditions just before the Christmas holidays. The time of the children is so much occupied during school terms that it is almost impossible for them to do any outside work, but in vacation days they might find time for, at least, the necessary research.

The Society has lost by death three regular members: Mr. Leander Moody Hannum, Miss Carrie Frances Abbott, and Mr. Legh Richmond Pearson, who after he had severed his connection with the Social Union, where he had so faithfully served for many years as librarian, and had removed to North Reading, never failed to be present at our meetings. One Associate member, Miss Charlotte Alice Baker, of Boston and Deerfield, Massachusetts, has also been called away. Miss Baker was interested in all things connected with the past; she formerly lived on the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Holmes Place.

We have at present on our roll 13 Associate, 3 Honorary, and 187 regular members.

The Council feels deeply the loss which the retirement of Frank Gaylord Cook, Esq., from the office of Secretary entails. He has held the office from the beginning of our work, and it has been

largely owing to his unflagging devotion to the best interests of the Society that the three centenary celebrations were so successfully carried through. He has been ever fertile in suggestions of subjects for the regular meetings, and most happy in the choice of speakers, whom he could make accept his invitation in spite of themselves. The Council regrets that he feels obliged to withdraw from the place he has so acceptably filled, and hopes that it may still have his valuable advice and assistance.

Once more we feel called upon to speak of the needs of the Society. We have as yet no fund for the publication of original documents, a matter whose importance was brought before you two years ago. We are still without a local habitation. Our ideal would be one of the old pre-revolutionary houses, with a fireproof brick building in the rear for our records, or else a fine brick or stone building situated in an open space, with hall attached, — a standing need in this community. Before our eyes is a vision of a spacious room, in which are gathered the relics of the past, a library where historians and genealogists may find all they need, rooms and halls where the work of the Society may be carried on; in fact, an Historical Society home of which Cambridge would not be ashamed. Alas! all this lies in the future, how far off we know not, nor do we know the names of the generous donor or donors who will make our fair vision a reality. But let us have the vision and strive for its realization. Let us collect all the relics of bygone days that we can, in the faith that some day they will be suitably housed. Let us make records, while there is still time, of those worthy men and women who have trodden these streets where we now tread; let us keep their memories green and, in the fulness of time, some one, seeing our faith and our diligence, will come forward and give us all we need.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

Perhaps the most conspicuous and certainly the most exacting duty of the Secretary the past year was in connection with the celebration of the Centenary of the Birth of Dr. Holmes, on the 27th of April last.

This was the fourth public celebration in Sanders Theatre by the Society since its foundation. The first occurred December 21, 1905, on the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, and is reported in our Publications I.; the second, February 27, 1907, upon the one hundredth anniversary of Longfellow's birth, and the third, May 27, 1907, on the similar anniversary of Agassiz's birth, are both reported in our Publications II.

While all these meetings aroused great interest and fulfilled public expectation, the fourth may better be compared with the second in some respects. Both the Longfellow and the Holmes meetings crowded Sanders Theatre as have no other meetings held there in recent years. In each meeting the attention of the great audience was held with unflagging interest and to a late hour; and the addresses were of great value, not alone for their literary finish, force, and charm, but also for their singular fitness and their personal quality. It is interesting to note that at all four meetings the majority of the speakers were Cambridge men. Indeed it would seem that the Society was started just in time to employ our distinguished home talent upon these great but rare occasions. The result has been fortunate and valuable. In these meetings the Society has found unusual opportunities and has discovered its own capacity and usefulness; the community has been educated and entertained; and the interesting origin of Cambridge and the memory of several of her distinguished sons have been justly exalted.

The future, however, offers a different, although on the whole a no less interesting, field. Important centenaries, though frequent of late, are about exhausted, at least for the present; and a work, larger, more varied, and fully as important, lies before us, and demands much more attention than it has thus far received. And that is the patient, systematic study and publication of the development, characteristics, and influence of the life, social, political, educational, and commercial, of our community, aud the steady collection of books, manuscripts, and other memorabilia pertaining to the same as an instrument for the education of its youth and as a means of the preservation of the history and treasures of its past.

But not only is this work laid out for us. We have also the

men and women to do it; and we have in our annual Publication and in our long list of valuable exchanges a suitable channel for the publication and preservation of this work. The immediate need is that our special standing committees be constituted with much care and be kept steadily at work. Through them, supplemented by the interest and contributions of individuals, must this work be done. If this work be done, the Society will be of great service and of constantly increasing influence.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CURATOR

Within the past year the Society is fortunate in being able to show a considerable increase in the number of books, pamphlets, and other material of special interest which have been received, and a list of which will appear, each under the name of its donor, in the forthcoming volume of Proceedings.

The growing collection of the Society has been kept in the Cambridge Public Library. It is there placed in locked drawers of the inner Cambridge room and on shelves in a small room directly over the main entrance which is closed to the public, alongside of the collection of the Hannah Winthrop chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. As the Cambridge room collection of the Public Library has already taken nearly all the available space, the collection of the Society will soon have to be placed entirely in the closed room above, in which there is still ample accommodation. This will always be at the disposal of the Society until it may have other housing for its collection, and, it is to be hoped, a building of its own, either in close connection with the Public Library on the same ground, or distinct from it in some other part of the city.

Under these conditions the collection of the Society has not been easily accessible to such members as might have cared to make use of it. Up to this time, moreover, it has consisted entirely of gifts, and their only record is the list contained in each volume of the Proceedings under the head of the donor rather than of the author, title, or subject. It will be a new experience for the Society to *buy* its first book, and it is to be hoped that a

special fund will be forthcoming which will make possible the purchase of all matter of local interest and association which is not likely to come to the Society by gift.

The Society's collection has now become so considerable that it ought at once to be made available for convenient use. All books and all pamphlets of sufficient size and importance should be separately bound, and all pamphlets of a few leaves and matter on single leaves, all photographs, and other similar matter should be placed in paper holders, stiff envelopes, or clipping sheets, such as are in use so advantageously in the Harvard College Library under the supervision of its librarian, Mr. William C. Lane. For the safe registry of each gift a dater stamp is necessary. After the various forms of gift have been suitably protected by covers of some kind, a system of numbering should be employed, simplified and adapted from the best now in use, which might lead to classification and cataloguing along recognized lines, with desirable modifications of special details. The first expenditure under this head should be made for adequate binding or covering of all the items of the collection, rather than for cataloguing, as some might assume. Under the latter head will follow obviously a considerable task, which will require further expenditure for its completion.

At the winter session of the Council of the Society it was voted to expend the sum of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) for the purpose of making the collection available for its members, and Mr. Lane and the Curator were appointed a committee of two to consider the proper scope of the Society's collection and methods of making it most serviceable and valuable to its users. This Committee has met and examined the whole collection, and with the consent and approval of its other member, Mr. Lane, the Curator presents, as being also in substance its report to the Council, the following classes of works as outlining the proper scope and necessary limitations of this Society's collection:

1. Books, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc. by or about Cambridge people.
2. Books, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc. relating to, or illustrative of Cambridge historical and local associations.
3. Publications of historical societies received in exchange or by purchase.

4. A limited collection of reference books relating to American history, including local history of neighboring towns, or towns with which Cambridge has been associated.
5. Early Cambridge imprints.
6. Portraits, photographs, etc. of Cambridge people.
7. Views of Cambridge.
8. Objects of historical interest or association with Cambridge life.

The Committee also recommends that duplicates and other matter received as gifts and not thought advisable to keep should be disposed of as might seem for the best interests of the Society, either to be given to the Cambridge Public Library or to other institutions. If the plan outlined above is consistently carried out, the collection of the Cambridge Historical Society will, it is assured, make its best possible development, and it will gain especially in compactness and individuality by its exclusion of considerable extraneous matter which is inevitably received by all historical societies, but which it has been so often thought necessary to include in their collections.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

CASH ACCOUNT

In obedience to the requirements of the By-Laws the Treasurer herewith presents his Annual Report of the Receipts and Disbursements for the year 1908–1909.

Receipts

Balance, 26 October, 1908			$228.61
Admission Fees		$56.00	
Annual Assessments: Regular Members	$570.00		
Associate Members	26.00	596.00	
Interest		6.85	
Society's Publications sold		12.15	671.00
			$899.61

Disbursements

University Press, printing Publications III		$384.91	
Bureau of Printing and Engraving, printing notices, envelopes, postal cards, etc.		33.10	
A. W. Elson and Company, relief plate of Plan of Harvard College Yard		13.00	
The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, paper for Publications		39.28	
James W. Mudge, stenography		10.00	
Thomas F. Cahir, janitor service		5.00	
Thomas Groom and Company, blanks, envelopes and India ink		5.00	
Carter, Rice and Company, envelopes		1.15	
Walter K. Monroe, services		2.00	
Harriet L. Horne, clerical services rendered the Treasurer		25.00	
Edna M. Bullard, stenography and typewriting		65.45	
Sarah L. Patrick, typewriting		13.00	
M. E. Hughes, typewriting		.70	
Postage and collection fees		43.10	$640.69
Holmes Celebration:			
C. C. Lilly, distributing programmes		$2.00	
Samuel Usher, badges		3.50	
Cambridge Coach Company		2.00	
Cambridge Latin School Orchestra, transportation		1.60	
George H. Kent, blank book		.85	
Caustic-Claflin Company, programmes and posters		19.00	
S. M. Farnum and Company, engraved plate of invitation and printing		18.90	
Empire Ticket Company, tickets		2.50	
Suffolk Engraving and Electrotyping Company, vignette of Dr. Holmes		3.00	
William H. Eveleth, taking tickets		3.00	
John Feeny, transporting Holmes relics		2.00	
Briggs & Briggs, musical scores		5.25	
Typewriting and stenography:			
James W. Mudge	$10.75		
E. M. Bullard	13.74	24.49	88.09
			$728.78
Balance on deposit, 26 October, 1909			170.83
			$899.61

Henry H. Edes,
Treasurer.

Cambridge, 26 October, 1909.

REPORT OF THE AUDITOR

I HEREBY certify that I have examined the Accounts of the Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society for the year ending this day and find them to have been correctly kept and to be properly vouched. I have also verified the Cash Balance.

ANDREW MCF. DAVIS,
Auditor.

CAMBRIDGE, 26 October, 1909.

The report of the Committee on Nominations was read and accepted and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council

CLARENCE WALTER AYER,
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY,
FRANCIS HILL BIGELOW,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
EDWARD HENRY HALL,
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE,
WILLIAM COOLIDGE LANE,
ALICE MARY LONGFELLOW,
WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

President	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
Vice-Presidents	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS, ARCHIBALD MURRAY HOWE.
Secretary	FRANCIS HILL BIGELOW.
Treasurer	HENRY HERBERT EDES.
Curator	CLARENCE WALTER AYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

STEPHEN PASCHALL SHARPLES read the following paper:

THE LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL

In 1848 Mr. Abbott Lawrence sent to the Treasurer of Harvard University a remarkable letter. At the time of the inauguration of his grandson Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Bishop William Lawrence had this letter printed and presented a copy of it to each person who was present at the dinner given by the Alumni of the School, on Tuesday evening the 4th of October, to the scientific delegates to the inauguration. I call this a remarkable letter, for it was one of the first of its kind ever written in this country and marked the beginning of a new era in education.

At this time only sixty years ago what is now known as the laboratory method of instruction was almost unknown except in a few schools in Europe. The College was still jogging along in the old scholastic ruts. That which was good enough for the fathers was good enough for the sons.

Persons preparing for the learned professions, as they were called, might study Hebrew, Greek, and Latin grammar, dabble in history, as it was written, and learn a little logic and mathematics, in all but little more than is now required to graduate from a good high school. As to any study of these subjects beyond the mere textbook, that was not even thought of by the Faculty, much less by the students.

The letter of Mr. Lawrence, which I understand was written with the assistance of Mr. Storrow, must have fallen like a bombshell into the pastures where the professors were wont to wander mid the flowers of ancient learning. Indeed I have heard it intimated that one professor, who was rather fond of investigations on his own account, was warned that the College did not employ investigators but teachers.

But the prize of $50,000 thus dropping from the sky was too large to be ignored, and was therefore gratefully accepted and acknowledged as a most munificent gift; it was up to that time the largest gift that the College had ever received. As showing the ideas prevailing at the time, I quote from the letter the following sentence; "The buildings I have supposed, without having made estimates, could be erected, including an extensive

laboratory, for about thirty thousand dollars." Although Mr. Lawrence was mistaken in regard to the sum necessary to endow the school, he was not mistaken in the necessity for such a school.

At that time the only technical school in America was the one at Troy, which was mainly devoted, as it still is, to teaching Engineering.

No college in the land had conceived the idea that chemistry, physics, and natural history were live studies, that must be taught by living teachers and not by the study of text-books and recitations on their contents, supplemented at times by a course of lectures by the professor, who too frequently told his students that the experiment should have succeeded, but that for some unknown reason it had not. As for a student experimenting for himself, that was not to be thought of for a moment, as apparatus was expensive and it might be broken. The only chance he ever had to experiment for himself was to obtain an appointment as an assistant to the professor. This often was very convenient for the professor, for if things did not go as they should, it was easy to lay the failure to his assistant. The poor assistant had no redress.

This was all changed by Mr. Lawrence's donation. Students were admitted to the School, and actually furnished with apparatus which they could break and pay for, and they learned in chemistry how easy it was to blow up a hydrogen generator or to burn themselves with nitric or sulphuric acid. The engineering students were put at work making actual surveys and planning bridges and railroads and such other mercenary work. The professor of natural history no longer showed a few dried specimens, but expected the students to furnish fresh specimens and study them afterwards.

The School existed under these conditions from the time it was founded until about forty years ago. It was primarily a school for advanced students or students who wished to do advanced work and not for beginners. There were few required studies, the courses being almost all elective. The men who came to the School came because they had a special object in so doing.

It was during the first twenty years of its life that the School had its greatest teachers and turned out its most noted graduates. At that time there seemed to be a great indifference in regard to

taking a degree, and many men who afterwards made a mark in the world left without obtaining a degree.

The greatest influence in the start of the new School was the fact that Louis Agassiz came to America about the time it was founded. His coming marked a new era in science. Joined to a great love for his own studies, he had an equally great love for imparting his knowledge to others. Those who knew him could not resist the charm of his manner. As a lecturer he always drew a crowded house, composed in many instances of those who understood but little of what he said, but who were attracted by his enthusiastic manner, and who cared but little about what he was saying so long as they could hear him talk. It was my good fortune to see him almost daily for some years, and he always came in with a cheery good morning and some pleasant words. One of my most cherished possessions is a letter he gave me at a time I was applying for a professorship.

While with most of you Agassiz is but a name, with those of us who met him personally, it was far more than the name of a professor, it was the name of one who always made you feel that he had a warm personal interest in what you were doing.

Associated with Agassiz from the first until 1863 was another professor who had also a strong personality and was able to instil into his students a love for his profession.

Eben Norton Horsford at the time he came to the School was fresh from the teachings of the famous chemist Justus Liebig, who only a few years before at Giessen had founded the first laboratory for the practical teaching of chemistry. Horsford was a great admirer of his teacher, and it is said that when he was about to leave Giessen the other students hunted up an old pair of Liebig's shoes and placed them on his desk. When he inquired about the shoes they told him that the Herr Professor had sent them to him as the only one of his students that was worthy to stand in them.

But with a growing family he was unable to live on the meagre income of his professorship, and so was forced to resign his position. This was probably fortunate for him, as he entered into mercantile persuits and became wealthy. But he was an investigator all his life, having a private laboratory in his house, in which I spent some pleasant hours listening to his explanations

of work that he was engaged upon. Among his students who afterwards became noted, I will mention George C. Caldwell, who graduated in 1855, under whom I commenced the study of chemistry in 1864 at the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania, and who for many years was the honored professor of Agricultural Chemistry at Cornell; Professor Francis H. Storer, for many years Dean of the Bussey Institute; Cyrus M. Warren, who was Professor of Organic Chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and early became noted for his studies on the mineral oils; James M. Crafts, who also was a professor at the Institute of Technology and at one time President; John Williams Langley, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Michigan; Professor Charles F. Chandler, of Columbia College, New York, who was practically the founder of the School of Mines connected with that institution.

Many of the earlier students of chemistry went to Europe to finish their studies, but they were initiated into the science by Professor Horsford.

I have said less in regard to Professor Agassiz's students than of those of Professor Horsford, since Professor Agassiz's students or those who studied under his students are scattered over the world, —to-day some of them still teaching; others having passed over the great divide. One of the most noted of them, Professor Shaler, was known to you all. Professors Putnam and Niles are still with us, and Professor Morse has not yet found the way to Mars. But the list is too long to notice more of them.

Professor Horsford was succeeded by Dr. Wolcott Gibbs. Dr. Gibbs was not a popular lecturer and was but little known outside of his laboratory in Cambridge. In regard to his teaching I quote from Professor Clarke's notice of him in the "Journal of the London Chemical Society": "Gibbs apparently believed, although his belief was not stated in set terms, that a good teacher who kept in touch with his pupils should know perfectly well where they stood, and no examination could tell him anything more." He never gave any examinations, except the final one for a degree, and this was a mere formality that had to be observed to conform to the regulations of the School. I well remember my own examination. It was mainly verbal, largely free translations from French and German text-books and some pleasant talk about

work that I had been engaged upon. My thesis was ready for publication, for this was a point on which he insisted that some original work must have been done. In my case it was the translating and editing and extending Hoffmann's Chemical Tables. But my degree by no means ended my work in the School. I was invited to come back and spend another term as his private assistant. This was followed by three delightful years as his assistant in the School, — years in which, while nominally an assistant, I was a student as well, working in lines that he suggested.

Our course of study, if it could be called a course, would be regarded by many modern teachers as entirely lacking in all the essentials of a regular study. We had but one text-book in use; that was Fresenius' "Qualitative Analysis." One rule was thoroughly enforced: no student was to take up a new subject till he had mastered the old.

I remember keeping one student who has since done much work of a high grade a whole year on qualitative analysis, — a study that he should have finished in six months; but he knew it when he got through, and his course in life has since been distinguished by the same slow, painstaking study, until now he stands at the head of his profession in his chosen branch of study.

Dr. Gibbs had during his active teaching only four assistants; they have all since held professorships. He afterwards had three or four more assistants; two of these at present hold full professorships, and a third is engaged in research work of a high grade under the government at Washington.

Most of the doctor's students have done credit to his teaching. One of them was President of the Colorado School of Mines for many years. Another is chief chemist of the Geological Survey at Washington; another is Professor of Chemistry and Dean of the School of Graduate Studies in Columbian University and government expert on high explosives.

Professor Eustis was appointed Professor of Engineering in 1849 and held the office until his death in 1885. His department had the most students, and the men who graduated from it were generally at once put to work. As an instance the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad had a standing order for two students

a year. Professors Pickering and Trowbridge both graduated from this department.

The most noted student that the school produced was perhaps Simon Newcomb, who has recently passed away, full of honors.

Dr. Gray had a few special students who have occupied high positions.

To Dr. Jeffries Wyman must be given the credit of introducing the laboratory method into the study of anatomy, and his students have won for themselves a high position in the science of medicine. Of these I need only mention Drs. Walcott, Bowditch, and Carmalt, who has long been a professor at Yale.

At the time the franchise was bestowed on the graduates of the School, President Eliot, congratulating us on having won a long fight (we were over twenty years endeavoring to be put on the same standing as the graduates of the academic department) said to us, "For your numbers you have more distinguished graduates among you than any other department of the University."

The School has practically ceased to exist. The University now grants the S.B. degree to students in the academic department, giving the student the choice of an A.B. or S.B. degree, and the Alumni no longer make any distinction between the degrees.

But the work so well inaugurated by the old School will still go forward on even a higher plane in the Graduate School, assisted by the funds of the McKay bequest, and students will still have the chance to pursue in the University the studies which the School was founded to promote, with the great advantage that they will be much better fitted by previous training to take advantage of the opportunities offered. They will still have the advantages that we had, that they can devote their entire time to the study of their chosen vocation. But they will have the still further advantage of abundant material to work with, while many times we had to either abandon our experiments or devise apparatus and methods by which we could carry them on in a primitive manner. Where a student can now obtain almost anything he wishes in a few hours, we often had to wait weeks for supplies. This may have been a disadvantage, but on the other hand it had certain advantages. We were forced to devise the means to accomplish our ends. If we wanted oxygen, we had to make it; now we can buy it by the

gallon ready for use. We had no supply of electricity; we had illuminating gas, but we did not know how to use it as we do to-day. The first gas furnaces in the School were put there after I graduated, and at that time we were still using charcoal to make combustions. The first assay furnace in the School was built by Mr. Pettee in 1868 in order to instruct the students in assaying. Filtering with the vacuum pump was introduced about 1869, and the first determinations of nitrogen ever made by use of a sprengel pump were made in 1867. In order to confirm the results of these experiments I had to build my own pump in 1868. The outfit of the School, even as late as 1870, was no better than the ordinary high school possesses. The entire outfit furnished each student, with the exception of the balances, did not exceed twenty dollars; he furnished his own platinum crucible. But with this limited amount of material research work was carried on which has stood the test of time.

The influence of the School on education in this country is hardly to be estimated. Its methods have revolutionized the University, and it has been well said that, instead of the University absorbing the School, the School has absorbed the University. For now the methods that were introduced in the School are used all through the University, and every professor uses to a greater or less extent the laboratory method, teaching his students how to use his material, rather than to memorize text-books. Many think that the system has been carried too far, and that a student should be better grounded in the elements of education before entering into advanced studies of his own choosing. And in this view they are undoubtedly right. A man cannot be too well trained in his preliminary studies before he undertakes his life work. On the other hand, a certain latitude is permissible in these preliminary studies; they should many of them be chosen with a certain end in view. As an illustration for a student of chemistry or engineering, it is almost indispensable that he should have a good reading knowledge of French, German, and English, and if he intends to make mining his specialty he should also understand Spanish. In this connection I will mention what we did in our course of German in the school, and in this we rather had the advantage of the teacher. We took the matter into our own hands and required

him to use a German chemical work. Here we had the advantage that we understood the text much better than he did, and we soon learned to translate this work with comparative ease, whereas, had we taken a course in literary German, we should have been no better off at the end of the course than at the beginning.

The great trouble in the new facilities for advanced studies will be, as President Lowell has ably said, that it will tend to build up a generation of teachers who are well learned in all that has been done before, but who will lack the initiative to go ahead and do things for themselves. The education that we received from the old School was not so much the study of what had been done, but the power to think and reason on what we were doing, and to initiate new work. Those of us who afterwards taught taught not so much because we had been educated to teach as because we had found out something that we felt we must impart to others. Each of us imbibed something of the enthusiasm of our masters and tried to hand it on to our students.

Archibald Murray Howe read the following letters from Willard Phillips to Octavius Pickering:

Boston, October 1, '48.

My dear Pickering

. . . It is Sunday, as you will see by the date, and Madame and I out of respect to my code have been entertaining ourselves with Battle of Buena Vista written by Capt. Carleton, who was in it. There is something exceedingly chivalrous and romantic to me in this whole episode of the Mexican War which we have just finished. One of our neighbors, a mason, had a son out there who was orderly to Gen. Pillow and has just returned, who furnishes his father with innumerable incidents and anecdotes to relate to me to my great entertainment.

If Wm. Prescott would collect the materials, he might write another Conquest as dramatic as the first. There is surely something taking in this military rushing, crushing and smashing; we shall follow the examples of the beasts awhile yet; the Peace Societies will not abolish set-toes in our time entirely. Love and war, that 's the "humor on 't," in Pistol's phrase. . . .

Dexter [Franklin] is giving lectures once a week in the Law School on Constitutional Law and as I understand with good success. Par-

sons started as successor of Greenleaf with much éclat and will really be quite an acquisition to our society in Cambridge.

I always persuade myself that when H. is old enough for College you will take a place here and besides a little patch of Mt. Auburn for yourself and your's in the neighborhood of our's. I do not go entirely with the Southerner who visited the place the other day and said he should be willing to die tomorrow if he could be buried there, but the thought of an everlasting home for one's dust in a beautiful spot near to one's friends on a final rallying point for one's posterity, presents the dark future with rather a pleasing aspect, especially if one tinctures himself with the sentiments of Bryant's Thanatopsis.

Boston, February 4, 1849.

My dear Pickering

The lady on my left has not failed to remind me divers times to acknowledge the writing desk received by Rosset [*sic*] of which she is sufficiently proud on account both of its beauty and its donor and is at no pains to conceal either the article or her own satisfaction from our friends.

Sparks, who is now president as you know, except the ceremony of inauguration, reminded me the other evening of a tract I wrote for President Kirkland in 1815, 33 years ago, on the arrangement of the college studies which he copied for President K. and desired to recover now for his own use, if any he can make of it, which put me upon my old papers where to my surprise I found the same, though I had forgotten the thing myself. The search brought me back to college. — Aureus Ramus Essays, some forensics to Mr. Hedge, one or two exhibition parts and Commencement — Journal now and then — Memoranda or reading — reflections — projects — new views videlicet — things begun and half finished, all which was very much like visiting this world long after death, for it was a resurrection of these old and to me dead things [Judge Phillips in his latest years was a spiritualist].

Among the rest I recovered a character of Strong[1] which I wrote for some paper, I know not what one, the memory of whom is both sorrowful and delightful to me. I do not remember how intimate you and he were. You certainly must have loved him. I could sincerely repeat for him David's lament for Jonathan. Sparks will commence very auspiciously and if he can bring in with himself sufficient *authority*, his administration will be likely to go off with éclat, for his election is very

[1] Edward Strong (Harvard 1810), died 1813.

popular with the college and the public and he is precisely fitted for the place if he has enough of firmness and skill in discipline.

We are all afloat here in Shakespeare with Fanny Butler,[1] as you will see by the papers. Her tickets are all taken before they are put on sale and her readings are certainly the finest treats. We have had her for a long while. But in Shylock one remembers old Cooke[2] and nobody can read against that. And then we have had superlative concerts and oratorios, Madame Anna Bishop,[3] Laborde, a German Band, &c. &c. We are revelling in sweet sounds. Pray let us take you along with us.

March 23

. . . The reason is I am partly busy and partly lazy. I work mornings in materials for a new edition of my insurance by and by. Go to Boston at 10 A.M., read or rather hear the news from 4 to 5 or 6, except when asleep and hear some book till I fall asleep unless something offers abroad.

This is my journal for the whole year except Sundays and occasional digressions — One of my exceptions is the first Tuesday evening of the month when the American Academy holds social meetings at the house of some member, last month at F. C. Lowell's, February at John A. Lowell's, April to be at C. G. Loring's and May probably at Abbott Lawrence's, at whose house we were to have met in March, but he was called to Washington to be offered a place in President Taylor's cabinet, and declined it as the newspapers all show you. These meetings are really very pleasant as well as useful by way of instruction, and commonly have more matters prepared than can be disposed of. Last meeting Everett read the correspondence concerning the award of the King of Prussia's Court medal to Miss Mitchell of Nantucket, whose father was present at the meeting.

Professor Pierce presented the calculations of the young prodigy of mathematics at school here, now 11 or 12 years old, of the orbit of the late Comet, whose period he made 800,000 years, if I remember right, on a piece of paper about between eight and ten feet in length, the width of half a sheet of letter paper, taking the boy he thought fifteen hours to do, in doing which he made some condensations and short cuts which the old mathematicians arrived at only through immense study

[1] Fanny Kemble Butler, born in London, 1809; died in London, Jan. 13, 1893.

[2] George Frederick Cooke, born April 17, 1756; died in New York, Sept. 26, 1811.

[3] Born in 1814; died in New York, March 18, 1884.

and training and this he does without being conscious of doing anything extraordinary. He is employed mostly on the usual studies, language, geography, grammar — usually taking a little mathematics of Pierce as above occasionally; and finally after some other matters that I forget, Dr. Warren[1] introduced the question whether ether or chloroform is to be preferred, he for ether and Dr. Channing[2] comes out for chloroform, but the discussion is broken off by ten o'clock until next month, when we shall have enough of it, for the doctors you know are always very brisk in these encounters. — I was at the chapel today, Sparks being in the President's pew. All acquiesce in his election very cheerfully. Theophilus Parsons is here now and makes quite an accession to Cambridge society. He and Treadwell are both going to build this season next Dixwell on the street leading up to the Botanic Garden, so that we shall have a very strong neighborhood. Dexter is lecturing on International Law, as you know, at the law school. Prof. Judge Parker tells me that his lectures are very good, and Parsons began very well indeed and holds on, so I believe. I have given myself to dissipation somewhat this winter, having heard Mrs. Fanny Butler eight times. I think out of thirteen, twice with Madam, twice with Quincy and most of the other times with Mrs. Farrar, and tomorrow I am going with a young divine and the two boys, wind and weather permitting, to the opera. So we go. I begin to think I must make the most of my time as often as I look at our table of expectations of life and so I am sharp to improve such temptations as come in the way. We are all prodigiously delighted with our president as you see. You can hardly conceive of the relief and satisfaction we feel without coming over to participate.

I have a pretty little collection of books to show when you come over again, more than I shall ever read, I am afraid, small as it is, unless they send out fewer new ones, most of which come round in our book club, and I must read but need not remember longer than a month or two when they are forgotten. I have on the table here now, just come in, Miss Connor's immense octavo History of China and India, but I guess I shall cut it, not the leaves but the book.

Remember me to Mrs. P. and Master Henry. Pray bring them over here. Mrs. Phillips sends her regards to yourself and them.

Yours affectionately,

WILLARD PHILLIPS.

[1] John Collins Warren (Harvard 1797), died 1856.

[2] Walter Channing (Harvard 1808), died 1876.

Archibald Murray Howe also read the following extracts from the Journal of Eliza Susan Quincy:

June 3, 1825. During the years Mr. Quincy was arranging the affairs of the city, as Mayor of Boston, Mr. Bowditch was equally active in . . . those of Harvard College as one of the Corporation. . . . Ebenezer Francis, an eminent financier, had been elected Treasurer, and Dr. Bowditch was earnestly seeking an available candidate for the President. And when on the 16th of December, 1828, Mr. Quincy published a letter, stating that he would never stand again for the Mayoralty, Mrs. Bowditch immediately said to him, "There's a President for you." Dr. Bowditch approved of the nomination, and took measures accordingly. He had several interviews with Mr. Quincy and informed him that the Corporation wished to elect him President of Harvard College if he would accept the appointment. Mr. Quincy was favorably inclined, but to Mrs. Quincy a proposition that she should leave both her homes, in Boston and Quincy, and take her family, comprising her mother of 90 and her daughter of 17, and take up her residence in the College grounds at Cambridge, was a most formidable enterprise.

But Dr. Bowditch came and gave us an account of all he had done, suffered and accomplished . . . and evinced such independence, energy, and disinterestedness that it was impossible not to comply with his wishes. "There has," said Dr. Bowditch, "a great deal been wasted and lost at Cambridge, but there is a noble property left. Mr. Francis and I have put the finances in order, and if you ladies will only let Mr. Quincy go there, the Corporation will do everything for you. You may begin at the ridge pole of the President's House and do what you choose with it and if Mr. Francis does not do everything you request, we will turn him out, and elect another Treasurer." (This was amusing, for Mr. Francis was just as anxious to send us to Cambridge as Dr. Bowditch was himself.) "I think the ladies of the President's family have an important place, and I wish you to take it."

Dr. Bowditch prevailed, and on the 15th of January, 1829, Mr. Quincy was unanimously elected by the Corporation, President of Harvard College, and on the 29th of January carriages and numer-

ous people tending to the State House showed that business of importance was pending, and at two o'clock N. I. Bowditch, Jr. came to Hamilton Place to inform us that the Overseers of the College had confirmed the election of Mr. Quincy as President. And was soon followed by a Committee of Overseers, with the official notice.

At 4 o'clock Mr. Francis came in his carriage and took Mr. Quincy to Cambridge to look at the President's house. He invited me to accompany them, but I declined. On that evening Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Otis had a splendid party at their residence in Beacon Street, the first they had given since they had attained the Mayoralty — and at which we were congratulated on Mr. Quincy's election as President of Harvard. It was a remarkable and very pleasant occasion.

On the 30th of January we met Mr. Francis, by appointment, at the President's house. It was a dark, cold winter morning, the snow on the ground, the house uninhabited for several years, and very much out of repair. Some one had wound up a large old clock, a gift to the Presidents, and its ticking seemed to make the silence and desertion of the apartments more apparent. However we were not discouraged, and my father said, "We are not responsible for the house, and we will make it lively enough." Mrs. Quincy only requested plain dark marble mantle pieces, in the dining and drawing rooms, and a general clean surface of paint, paper, and whitewash. But though these were moderate requests, the Corporation had to expend about $3,000 to make the house, stable, and grounds, neat and comfortable for us, and our horses. Dr. Bowditch came in the evening to ask how we liked the house, and was pleased we gave a favorable view of its capacity of improvement. He paid us frequent visits, and on the 25th of May, when the furniture wagons were at the door of Hamilton Place, came in to rejoice to see us so well employed and actually on the move.

We were soon established in our new abode, and were cordially received by the authorities of the College, the students and the general society of Cambridge. On the 2nd of June 1829, the day of the Inauguration, Mr. Quincy appeared to great advantage in the gown and cap of a President, and Dr. Bowditch as one of the

Corporation, and Mr. Francis with the Charter, seal and keys of the College, as Treasurer, held places of importance in the Church, which was crowded with a distinguished and brilliant audience. And a crowded levee at the President's house and a beautiful illumination of the College grounds closed a day which was aptly termed a day of enthusiasm.

Robert Swain Morison read the following letter written by Edward Everett Hale[1] in Worcester, Massachusetts, to George J. Abbot in Washington, District of Columbia:

Nov. 22, 1845.

I supposed you would be interested in the New England Society, when I saw the account of its formation. If I read Washington rightly, it was and is fast becoming a Northern city. The influx of Northern mechanics is far more worth than the influx of Southern gentles and spending men. This country over, I take it, such relics of aristocracy as the revolution spared, are vanishing before the principles of our constitution and the times, and the aristocracy of office, though all Virginia should back it up, will not *tell* anywhere, in contrast with the influence of shoemakers, and glaziers, and printers and writers, and thinkers and ministers or other teachers. So go ahead, Yankees! and help down the Southern influence and notions as quickly and as gently as you may.

My uncle has accepted the Presidency. My love for the college, and my love for him divided me in my hopes about it. All things considered, I think he has the best chance of resuscitating it and galvanizing it of any man we have, but it is a thankless, hard-working, despondent, sad dog's life office. You need a literary man there; — but there is little chance to give him literary employment. You need a man of the world, who knows the world; yet you must seclude him from the world. You need a man of practical views, — yet his employment is to separate him from all active life. You need a man of energy, and yet his whole energy is to be spent in waking up, every hour, thirty

[1] Mr. Hale, though six years out of college, was at this time only twenty-three years old. Mr. Abbot then had a boys' school in Washington; during most of his life he was connected in different ways with the State Department. In Dr. Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years" he refers several times to the friendship between him and Mr. Abbot, to whom, he says, it was due that he preached in the Washington Unitarian church for five months in the fall and winter preceding the time this letter was written.

sleepy professors, and treading on the toes of six hundred rebellious boys. You need a firm, fervent, devoted Christian, — but if it prove that on any controverted question of Christian faith he has any opinion, there are a dozen newspapers ready to call him false, a swindler, and an infidel. If they had offered me the office I would have taken it now; — but if I were fifty two years of age, with property and a family of children, and willing to use the rest of my life in such permanent labor as should tell through all time, — and then the office had been proffered me at a time when every man's hand was raised against the college, — why then — if I had seen my way clear that I should do great good in it I hope I should have taken it; — but I do not think I should. As it is, as I say, I am very glad that Mr. E. has accepted. And I *chuckle* daily and hourly to think how amazed . . . [certain professors] . . . and the rest of the sleepy, soulless dilettanti will be to find somebody near them who is awake, and knows their business better than they do themselves. The on dit is that the Divinity School is to be separated from the College. I have no faith in throwing such tubs to such whales. The whale who is spouting over and over again a frothy stream of talk about the sectarianism of the college does not wish to hold his peace, and will not be tempted to; — and as for the School, for such purpose or any, it is nearer the pill-box standard — than the tub.

When the foregoing letter had been read the meeting was dissolved.

GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

October 27, 1908 — October 26, 1909

Donor	*Description*
Adams, Charles Francis . . .	"Col. John Quincy of Mount Wollaston, 1689–1767," by Daniel Munroe Wilson in collaboration with Charles Francis Adams
American - Irish Historical Society	Journal, Vol. VIII, 1908–1909
Aubin, Helen W.	Wood from tree planted by Daniel Webster in Exeter, N. H., in 1796.
Batchelder, Isabel	Photograph of Dr. Charles Follen
Cambridge University Library	Report of the Library Syndicate for year ending Dec. 31, 1908
Chicago Historical Society .	Annual Report, 1908
Colorado, The State Historical and Natural History Society of	Biennial Report, 1907–1908
Connecticut Historical Society	Annual Report, May, 1909
Fitchburg Historical Society .	Proceedings, Vol. IV, 1908
Green, Samuel Abbott	John Foster, Earliest American Engraver, and First Boston Printer, 1909
Illinois State Historical Library	Collections, Vol. IV, Executive Series, Vol. I, Governor's Letter Books, 1818–1834
Illinois State Historical Society	Journal, Vol. I, No. 2, July, 1908; No. 3, Oct., 1908; No. 4, Jan., 1909; Vol. II, No. 1, Apr., 1909; No. 2, July, 1909

Donor	*Description*
LANCASTER COUNTY (PA.) HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Papers read. Oct. 2, 1908, Vol. XII, No. 8; Nov. 13, 1908, No. 9; Dec. 4, 1908, No. 10; Jan. 8, 1909, Vol. XIII, No. 1; Feb. 5, 1909, No. 2; Mar. 5, 1909, No. 3; Apr. 2, 1909, No. 4; May 7, 1909, No. 5; June 4, 1909, No. 6; Sept. 3, No. 7
MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY . .	Proceedings, Jan. 23 to Dec. 10 1908
MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Index to Proceedings, 2nd Series, 1884–1907
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY .	Historical Register, Vol. XII, No. 1, Jan., 1909; No. 2, Apr., 1909; No. 3, July, 1909; No. 4, Oct., 1909.
MIDDLESEX COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Pamphlet, No. 7, May, 1909
MISSOURI, STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Missouri Historical Review, Vol. III, No. 2, Jan., 1909; No. 3, Apr., 1909
NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, Third Series, Vol. V, No. 3, July to Oct., 1908; Vol. VI, No. 1, Jan. to Apr., 1909; No. 2, July, 1909
NEW MEXICO, HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Personal Narratives of the Battles of the Rebellion
NOBLE, WILLIAM M.	History of Newton from 1639 to 1800 by Francis Jackson
NORTON, MARGARET	Photograph of Francis Boott Copy of Programme of Memorial Service to same, Appleton Chapel, May 8, 1904, and engraving Photograph of Massachusetts Hall Photograph of Francis J. Child

Donor	*Description*
Norton, Margaret (*continued*)	Programmes: (1) Memorial Day Service, Sanders Theatre, May 30, 1900 (2) Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert, Sanders Theatre, in memory of Francis J. Childs and Josiah D. Whitney, Oct. 29, 1896 (3) Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert, Sanders Theatre, in memory of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Nov. 14, 1907 (4) Ceremonies at unveiling of monument to Col. Robert Gould Shaw, Music Hall, Boston, May 31, 1897 (5) Commencement Radcliffe College, Sanders Theatre, June 26, 1900 (6) Service of Music in Commemoration of birthday of James Russell Lowell, February 22, 1892 Address on Spanish War, by Charles Eliot Norton, before Men's Club of Prospect St. Congregational Church, clipping from Transcript, June 8, 1898 Address on Lowell Memorial, by Leslie Stephen, Westminster Abbey, from Harper's Weekly, Jan. 6, 1894 "Professor Child," by Grace Norton, reprint from New York Nation, Sept. 17, 1896 Engravings of William Lowell Putnam, Charles Follen, and Eliza Lee Follen Roll of Students of Harvard College in Army and Navy in the War of the Rebellion

Donor	*Description*
Oklahoma Historical Society.	Digest or Statutes and Ordinances of Massachusetts relating to Public Health, 1873
	Historia, Vol. I, No. 1, Sept. 15, 1909
	Manual for use of Board of Health of Massachusetts, 1882
Oregon Historical Society . .	Quarterly, Vol. IX, No. 3, Sept., 1908; No. 4, Dec., 1908; Vol. X, No. 1, March, 1909
Peabody Historical Society .	"Capt. Samuel Flint and William Flint," 13th Annual Report, 1908-1909
Pennsylvania Society (New York)	Year Book, 1909
Read, Charles F.	Proceedings, Brookline Historical Society, Jan. 26, 1909
Schenectady County Historical Society	Year Book, 1906–1908
Smithsonian Institution, Washington	University of Toronto Studies. Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, Vol. XI, 1906; Vol. XII, 1907; Vol. XIII, 1908
Society for the History of the Germans in Maryland . . .	History of the German Society in Maryland, 1909
Syracuse Public Library . . .	Annual Report, Dec. 31, 1908
Vermont, University of . . .	The Vermont Bulletin, Catalogue Number, 1908–1909
Vineland (N. J.) Historical and Antiquarian Society	Annual Report, 1908
Virginia Historical Society .	Virginia Magazine, Vol. XVII, No. 2, Apr., 1909; No. 3, July, 1909; No. 4, Oct., 1909
Whittemore, William R. . . .	Dunster Memorial, dedication of Dunster Memorial Tablet, Nov. 24, 1907, First Baptist Church in Boston

Donor	*Description*
Willard, Susanna	Framed silhouette portrait of Rev. Joseph Willard, S.D.T., President of Harvard College
	Address to members of the Bar, Worcester County, Mass., Oct. 2, 1829, by Joseph Willard
	Address in Commemoration of the 200th Anniversary of the incorporation of Lancaster, Mass., by Joseph Willard, 1853
	Memoir of Joseph Willard from Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1866–1867
	Tribute to Major Sidney Willard, in the West Church, Dec. 21, 1862, Forefathers' Day.
	Copy of letter of Rev. John Seccombe, H. U. 1728, written Mar. 30, 1729, to Nicholas Gilman of Exeter
Wisconsin Archaeological Society	Wisconsin Archaeologist, Vol. VII, No. 4, October to December, 1908; Vol. VIII, No. 2, April to July, 1909
Wyoming Historical and Genealogical Society	Proceedings and collections, Vol. X
	Bronze medal struck at Centennial of first use of Wyoming coal, Feb. 11, 1908

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1909–1910

President	Richard Henry Dana.
Vice-Presidents . . .	Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Andrew McFarland Davis. Archibald Murray Howe.
Secretary	Francis Hill Bigelow.
Treasurer	Henry Herbert Edes.
Curator	Clarence Walter Ayer.

The Council

Clarence Walter Ayer, Mary Isabella Gozzaldi,
Hollis Russell Bailey, Edward Henry Hall,
Francis Hill Bigelow, Thomas Wentworth Higginson,
Richard Henry Dana, Archibald Murray Howe,
Andrew McFarland Davis, William Coolidge Lane,
Henry Herbert Edes, Alice Mary Longfellow,
William Roscoe Thayer.

COMMITTEES APPOINTED BY THE COUNCIL

1909–1910

On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.

Stephen Paschall Sharples, Edward John Brandon,
Edward Russell Cogswell.

On the Collection of Autograph Letters of Distinguished Citizens of Cambridge.

Albert Bushnell Hart, William Coolidge Lane,
Henry Herbert Edes.

On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.

William Eben Stone, James Atkins Noyes,
Mary Isabella Gozzaldi.

On the Collection and Preservation of Printed and Manuscript Material.

William Coolidge Lane, Clarence Walter Ayer,
Edwin Blaisdell Hale.

On Publication.

Francis Hill Bigelow, William Coolidge Lane,
Henry Herbert Edes.

On Memoirs of Deceased Members.

William Roscoe Thayer, Hollis Russell Bailey.

On the Collection of Oral Tradition and Early Letters and other Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.

Mary Isabella Gozzaldi,
Margaret Jones Bradbury, Grace Owen Scudder,
Elizabeth Ellery Dana, George Grier Wright,
Mary Helen Deane, Susanna Willard.

On Auditing the Accounts of the Treasurer.

Andrew McFarland Davis.

On the Longfellow Centenary Medal Prize.

William Roscoe Thayer,
Joseph Henry Beale, Clarence Walter Ayer.

REGULAR MEMBERS

Abbot, Marion Stanley
*Abbott, Carrie Frances
*Abbott, Edward
Allen, Flora Viola
Allen, Frank Augustus
Allen, Mary Ware
Allen, Oscar Fayette
Allison, Carrie Josephine
Allison, Susan Carlyle
Ames, James Barr
Aubin, Helen Warner
Aubin, Margaret Harris
Ayer, Clarence Walter

Bailey, Hollis Russell
Bailey, Mary Persis
Baker, George Pierce
Bancroft, William Amos
§Barker, Edward Tobey
Barnard, Clara Everett
Batchelder, Charles Foster
Batchelder, Laura Poor
Batchelder, Samuel Francis
§Batchelor, George
§Batchelor, Priscilla Cushing
Beale, Joseph Henry
Bell, Stoughton
Bigelow, Francis Hill
Bill, Caroline Eliza
Blake, James Henry
Blish, Ariadne
Blodgett, Warren Kendall
§Bocher, Madeleine
Bouton, Eliza Jane Nesmith
Bradbury, Margaret Jones
Bradbury, William Frothingham
Brandon, Edward John
Brock, Adah Leila Cone
Brooks, Arthur Hendricks
*Brooks, Lizzie Edna
*Brown, John Greenwood
Bulfinch, Ellen Susan

Carruth, Charles Theodore
Cary, Emma Forbes
§Champlin, Katharine Eliza
Clark, Elizabeth Hodges
§Clarke, Ellen Dudley
§Clarke, George Kuhn
Coes, Mary
Cogswell, Edward Russell
§Cogswell, Francis
Cook, Frank Gaylord
Corne, William Frederick
Cox, George Howland
§Crocker, John Myrick
Crothers, Samuel McChord
Cutter, Watson Grant

Dallinger, William Wilberforce
Dana, Edith Longfellow
Dana, Elizabeth Ellery
Dana, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Dana, Richard Henry
Davis, Andrew McFarland
Davis, Eleanor Whitney
Deane, George Clement

§ Resigned. * Deceased.

Deane, Mary Helen
Deane, Walter
Dodge, Edward Sherman
§Dresser, Celina Louisa
Durant, William Bullard
Durrell, Harold Clarke

Edes, Grace Williamson
Edes, Henry Herbert
Edmands, John Rayner
Eliot, Charles William
Eliot, Grace Hopkinson
Eliot, Samuel Atkins
Ellis, Helen Peirce
Emerton, Ephraim
Evarts, Prescott

Farlow, Lilian Horsford
Fenn, William Wallace
Fessenden, Marion Brown
Fiske, Ethel
Foote, Mary Bradford
Forbes, Edward Waldo
Ford, Lilian Fisk
Foster, Francis Apthorp
Fox, Jabez
Foxcroft, Frank
§Freese, John Wesley

Gamwell, Edward Francis
Goodwin, Amelia Mackay
Gozzaldi, Mary Isabella
Gray, Anna Lyman
Gray, John Chipman

Hale, Edwin Blaisdell
Hall, Edward Henry
*Hannum, Leander Moody
§Harris, Charles
Harris, Elizabeth
§Harris, Sarah Elizabeth
Hart, Albert Bushnell
§Haskins, David Greene, Jr.
§Higginson, Mary Thacher
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth
Hildreth, John Lewis
Hill, Frederic Stanhope
Hodges, George
§Hoopes, Wilford Lawrence
Hoppin, Eliza Mason
Horsford, Katharine
Houghton, Alberta Manning
Houghton, Elizabeth Harris
Houghton, Roserhyss Gilman
Howe, Archibald Murray
Howe, Arria Sargent Dixwell
Howe, Clara
Hubbard, Phineas
§Huling, Ray Greene

Irwin, Agnes

Jackson, Robert Tracy
§Jaggar, Thomas Augustus

Kellner, Maximilian Lindsay
Kendall, George Frederick
§Kershaw, Francis Stewart
Kershaw, Justine Houghton
Kiernan, Thomas J

Lamb, Harriet Farley
Lane, William Coolidge
§Lansing, Marion Florence
Leavitt, Erasmus Darwin
Longfellow, Alice Mary
Longfellow, William Pitt Preble

Marcou, Philippe Belknap
§Mather, Winifred
McDuffie, John
McIntire, Charles John
McKenzie, Alexander

§ Resigned. * Deceased.

Melledge, Robert Job
Merriman, Dorothea Foote
Merriman, Roger Bigelow
Mitchell, Emma Maria
Morison, Anne Theresa
Morison, Robert Swain
Myers, James Jefferson

Nichols, John Taylor Gilman
*Norton, Charles Eliot
Norton, Grace
Norton, Margaret
Noyes, James Atkins

Paine, James Leonard
Paine, Mary Woolson
§Parke, Hervey Coke, Jr.
Parker, Henry Ainsworth
Parsons, Caroline Louisa
Peabody, Caroline Eustis
*Pearson, Legh Richmond
*Peirce, James Mills
Perrin, Franklin
Perrin, Louisa Charlotte
Pickering, Anna Atwood
Pickering, Edward Charles
*Pickering, Lizzie Sparks
Piper, William Taggard
§Pope, Charles Henry
Potter, Alfred Claghorn
§Pulsford, Arthur

Rand, Harry Seaton
*Read, Anna Maria
Read, Elise Welch
Read, John
Read, William
Reardon, Edmund
Reid, William Bernard
Robinson, Fred Norris
§Rockwell, Alice Tufts
§Rockwell, John Arnold
Rolfe, William James
Ropes, James Hardy
Russell, Etta Lois

Saunders, Carrie Huntington
*Saunders, George Savil
Saunders, Herbert Alden
Sawyer, Dora Wentworth
Sawyer, George Augustus
Sawyer, George Carleton
Scudder, Grace Owen
Seagrave, Charles Burnside
§Sever, Martha
§Sever, Mary Caroline
Sharples, Stephen Paschall
§Shea, James Edward
§Sheffield, Mary Gertrude
§Sibley, Bertha
§Sibley, Henry Clark
Smith, Emma Griscom
Sortwell, Alvin Foye
Stearns, Genevieve
Stone, William Eben
Storer, Sarah Francis
Swan, Sarah Hodges

§Taft, Charles Hutchins
§Taft, Emily Hinckley
Taylor, Frederic Weston
Thayer, William Roscoe
Thorp, Joseph Gilbert
Ticknor, Florence
Ticknor, Thomas Baldwin
Tillinghast, William Hopkins
Tindell, Martha Willson Noyes
Toppan, Sarah Moody
*Tower, Charles Bates

Vaughan, Anna Harriet
Vaughan, Benjamin

Walcott, Anna Morrill
Walcott, Robert

§ Resigned. * Deceased.

Wambaugh, Sarah
Ware, Thornton Marshall
Wentworth, Annie Louise Locke
§Wentworth, William Hall
Wesselhoeft, Mary Leavitt
Wesselhoeft, Walter
§Weston, Anstis
§Weston, Robert Dickson
White, Emma Eliza
White, Moses Perkins
Whittemore, Isabella Stewart
Whittemore, William Richardson
Willard, Susanna
Williams, Olive Swan
Winlock, Mary Peyton
§Winsor, Caroline Tufts
Worcester, Sarah Alice
Wright, George Grier
Wright, Pamelia Keith
*Wright, Theodore Francis
§Wyman, Caroline King
§Wyman, Margaret Curry
Wyman, Mary Morrill

Yerxa, Henry Detrick

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Agassiz, Alexander
*Baker, Charlotte Alice
Barker, John Herbert
Carter, Charles Morland
Davenport, Bennet Franklin
Felton, Eunice Whitney Farley
Gilman, Arthur
Goodwin, Elliot Hersey
Jacobs, Allen
Leverett, George Vasmer
Lovering, Ernest
Nichols, John White Treadwell
Niles, William Harmon
*Willard, Joseph
Wadhams, Caroline Reed

HONORARY MEMBERS

Choate, Joseph Hodges
Howells, William Dean
Rhodes, James Ford

§ Resigned. * Deceased.

BY-LAWS

I. Corporate Name.

THE name of this corporation shall be "The Cambridge Historical Society."

II. Object.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. Regular Membership.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. Limit of Regular Membership.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. Honorary Membership.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. Associate Membership.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. Seal.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent.*

VIII. Officers.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. Duty of President and Vice-President.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. Duty of Secretary.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. Duty of Treasurer.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. Duty of Curator.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. Duty of Council.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. Meetings.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. Quorum.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. Fees.

The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual

Meeting; but any Regular Member shall be exempted from the annual payment if at any time after his admission he shall pay into the Treasury Fifty Dollars in addition to his previous payments; and any Associate Member shall be similarly exempted on payment of Twenty-five Dollars. All commutations shall be and remain permanently funded, the interest only to be used for current expenses.

XVII. Resignation of Membership.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. Amendment of By-Laws.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.